

# The Kaiser and His Barbarians

An authoritative record of the crimes committed by the Germans in France and Belgium in the name of war, together with the official reports of the Commission of Enquiry appointed by King Albert of Belgium, and including among its members the following distinguished Belgians:—

M. COOREMAN  
CHEVALIER ERNST DE BUNSWYCK  
M. ORTS  
COMTE GOBLET D'ALVIELLA  
M. RYCKMANS  
M. STRAUSS  
M. VAN CUTSEM

By

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“What Germany Wants,” &c., &c.

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# British Sympathy with Belgium.

THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. ASQUITH, moved the following resolution in the House of Commons on the 27th of August, 1914 :

"That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty, praying him to convey to His Majesty the King of the Belgians the sympathy and admiration with which this House regards the heroic resistance offered by his army and people to the wanton invasion of his territory, and an assurance of the determination of this country to support in every way the efforts of Belgium to vindicate her own independence and the public law of Europe."

Mr. Asquith then proceeded :

"It was only when we were confronted with the choice between keeping and breaking solemn obligations, between the discharge of a binding trust and of shameless subservience to naked force, that we threw away the scabbard. We do not repent our decision. The issue was one which no great and self-respecting nation, certainly none bred and nurtured like ourselves in this ancient home of liberty, could, without undying shame, have declined. We were bound by our obligations, plain and paramount, to assert and maintain the threatened independence of a small and neutral State.

"The Belgian people and the Belgian King have faced without flinching and against almost incalculable odds, the horrors of eruption, of devastation, of spoliation, and of outrage. They have stubbornly withstood and successfully arrested the inrush, wave after wave, of a gigantic and overwhelming force. The defence of Liège will always be the theme of one of the most inspiring chapters in the annals of liberty. Belgians have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease, to security, even to life itself.

"We are proud of their alliance and their friendship. We salute them with respect and with honour. We are with them heart and soul, because by their side and in their company we are defending at the same time two great causes—the independence of small States, and the sanctity of international covenants.

"We assure them—as I ask the House in this Address to do—we assure them to-day, in the name of this United Kingdom and of the whole Empire, that they may count to the end on our whole-hearted and unfailing support."

After Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. John Redmond had supported the Prime Minister's motion, each paying a gallant tribute to the King and people of Belgium, the resolution was carried unanimously.

## Mr. Lloyd George's Speech.

During his great speech in London on September 19th, Mr. Lloyd George riddled the German iron-platers with truths that must cover the very name of Germany with shame and contumely for all time. He said :—

"It is to the interest of Prussia to break the treaty (of neutrality), and she has done it. Why? She avowed it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says treaties only bind you when it is to your interest to keep them. 'What is a treaty?' says the German Chancellor; 'a scrap of paper.' . . .

"We are fighting against barbarism. But there is only one way of putting it right; if there are nations that say they will respect treaties only when it is to their interest to do so, we must *make* it to their interests to do so for the future. . . .

"What has Belgium done? Hundreds of thousands of her people have had their quiet, comfortable little homes burned to the dust, and are wandering homeless in their own land. What *was* their crime? Their crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian king. . . .

"The Germans cannot comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment.

"They can understand vengeance, they can understand you fighting for mastery, they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; they cannot understand a great empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence to protect a little nation that seeks for its defence.

"God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the region of spirit. German civilization would re-create him in the image of a Diesler machine—precise, accurate, powerful, with no room for the soul to operate.

"The new philosophy of Germany is to destroy Christianity—sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others, poor pap for German mouths.

"We will have the new diet, we will force it on the world. It will be made in Germany—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone, the honour of nations has gone, liberty gone; what remains? Germany! Germany is left—Deutschland uber alles!

"That is what we are fighting—that claim of the predominancy of a civilization, a material one, a hard one; a civilization which at once rules and enslaves the world. Liberty goes, democracy vanishes, and unless Britain comes to the rescue with her sons, it will be a dark day for humanity! . . .

"The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way are flung to the roadside, bleeding and broken; women and children thrust under the wheel of his cruel car. Britain ordered out of his road. All I can say is this: If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts that bully will be torn from his seat. Were he to win, it would be the greatest catastrophe that has befallen democracy since the days of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy."



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# “Culture” and Cruelty

*versus*

## National Honour.

LET the world take note of the force and brutal outrage used by the Germans against a small and neutral people who possessed something that German expediency wanted.

Belgium possessed roads through her territory which Germany required for the transport of her troops, to enable her to strike France at the heart. But Belgium objected to satisfying German expediency. Belgium was neutral. Her neutrality was guaranteed by solemn treaty, with the signatures of great powers affixed.

In the war of 1870, between France and Prussia, England called upon the belligerent nations to respect the Belgian's neutrality. Both powers declared to this country their intention of observing the strictest respect for the treaty.

It would have been to France's great advantage to disregard the treaty at that time; but she accepted acute national humiliation, the loss of her Emperor, her marshals, together with more than 100,000 of her brave sons, rather than stain her fair fame by violating the Belgian neutrality. Had she forced a way of escape through Belgium—on the very roads the Germans have now seized by brutal force—great disaster to herself would have been averted.

At that time England was happily neutral, and merely watched to see that public law, as expressed in the treaty of Belgian neutrality, was observed. Had it been violated, Mr. Gladstone, who hated war, was prepared, on behalf of this country, to declare war against the violating power.

When the war was concluded, France humiliated, and a Prussian indemnity of £200,000,000 imposed, Prussia thanked England for acting as the “watch-dog” of international law, as expressed in the treaty which guaranteed Belgium's neutrality.

The peaceful Belgians also expressed their gratitude to this nation in addressing Queen Victoria as follows :—

“The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside have just given a further proof of their benevolent sentiments towards this country. The voice of the English nation has been heard above the din of arms. It has asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is that of an imperishable gratitude to the people of Great Britain.”

In 1870, Prussian expediency did not require the roads through Belgium; the chief Prussian anxiety was that France might use them.

But later, at the beginning of August, 1914, when the Kaiser, as the bully of Europe, wanted to use those roads, whose neutrality had been guaranteed, what did he do?

Under the plea of expediency, his armed barbarians took the roads by sheer brute force, accompanied by such inhuman outrages, pillage, and rapine as the world has not seen since the Huns overran Europe, or since Vespasian burnt all the cities and villages that lay on *his* route to Jerusalem, where, having arrived, he left his son Titus to complete his work of destruction by firing the temple and city and putting to the sword more than a million men, women and children.

The German bully thus compelled England to act as Mr. Gladstone was prepared to act in 1870, and to declare war against the "cultured" savages who respect no law of God or man when that law stands between them and their goal.

In these circumstances, who will say that England's cause is not a just and righteous one, and that our King was not in the right when he declared to Parliament, through his ministers:—

"After every endeavour had been made by my Government to preserve the peace of the world, I was compelled, in the assertion of treaty obligations deliberately set at nought, and for the protection of the public law of Europe and the vital interests of my Empire, to go to war.

"We are fighting for a worthy purpose, and we shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved."

If England is in the right in waging war on the question of Belgium's neutrality, how much more is she in the right in continuing that war until the murdered mothers, butchered babies, outraged daughters, mutilated old men, priests and boys of Belgium have been avenged?

What manner of men are they who, knowing of the terrible atrocities committed on the suffering Belgians, will say that England is in the wrong and should stop the war when German expediency desires it to be stopped?

No; the war must go on, on, and on, until the Kaiser and his ruthless military caste are crushed and debarred from ever again becoming an international menace.

If there be those who think otherwise, let them, in the name of civilization and humanity, read the following indictment of the Germans in the authentic facts which are there set down in plain language.

Let them read of the wicked outrages committed upon a peaceful, honourable people, whose sin—in German eyes—was that they respected the treaty of neutrality guaranteed by five powerful nations—Germany being herself one of the guarantors.

If the Belgians *are* to perish for trying to preserve their neutrality, then honour and truth are meaningless words, and civilization is on the brink of an avalanche, which threatens to envelope it and blot it out as completely as though it had never existed



# The Kaiser and his Barbarians.

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## Crimes against Civilization.

"When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy."—*The Kaiser's speech on the eve of the Chinese Expedition.*

"France must be completely crushed, that she can never again come across our path."—*General von Bernhardt in 'The Next War.'*

"Remember the blood which flowed in 1870, and annihilate your hereditary foe, France, who has now driven forward the Russian Colossus to annihilate us. No quarter! Kill them all, these barbarians, these accursed, so that in a new day the peace of Europe may be solidly established."—*Official Circular distributed among the German troops on their departure for France, via neutral Belgium.*

The German Chancellor, excusing Germany's disregard for a "scrap of paper," on which were written the guarantees of Belgium's neutrality, said in the Reichstag, on the very eve of the commencement of the butcheries which have shocked the civilized world: "We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxembourg and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing, we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal is achieved."

"To whom will belong the sceptre of the universe? What nation will impose its wishes on the other decadent and enfeebled peoples? Will it not be Germany that will have the mission to ensure the peace of the world? . . . The future belongs to Germany, to which Austria will attach herself if she wishes to survive."—*Professor Treitschke.*

"All Polish societies should be suppressed without the slightest apology . . . as well as the societies of Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein. . . . The people should be allowed only three privileges: to pay taxes, serve in the army, and shut their jaws."—*Professor Lezius.*

"I do not know if there was some great organiser who deliberately planned this war. Without evidence I should be loth to lay the burden on the head of any man, because, whoever he be, the curse of humanity will pursue him to the end."—*Lord Rosebery at Broxburn, September 5th, 1914.*

## The Kaiser.

The one man who has planned this war of lust for blood and hideous rapine is the Kaiser. He alone is responsible, and now, as if afraid of the sole responsibility of devastating the very flower of Europe's manhood, he seeks to cover his awful deeds by impiously bringing God, as his accomplice, into the sanguinary business.

For years, all things German have centred in and through the Kaiser. In almost every phase of German life he has made himself conspicuous, always forcing himself to the fore as the infallible, God-ordained father and leader of his people. From the leading of an orchestra in a German theatre, from designing actors' costumes, to influencing the election of a Roman pontiff or a German master of the Jesuits, the Kaiser has deliberately thrust himself "into the limelight" as a demi-god able to do any mortal thing which he may take into his imperial head.

Many social reformers of Germany who have closely watched his career for more than a quarter-of-a-century proclaim him, without reservation, to be a monomaniac. Certainly, many of his spasmodic, impulsive acts and speeches have startled the world. The Kaiser and his cultured satellites are fully convinced that —

"Nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention of Germany and the German Emperor."

"The German people is the elect of God, and its enemies are the enemies of God."

"Our German people will be the granite block on which the good God may complete His work of civilising the world—then the world will one day be cured by the German character."

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient! Death to the coward and unbeliever!"

The Russian newspapers, in reproducing the last of the above speeches, justly remark that it goes far to prove that the German Emperor is suffering from a form of "mania graziola."

Bismarck always had an instinctive doubt and dread of the Kaiser's sanity, and constantly likened him to his ancestor, Friedrich Wilhelm IV, who in 1857 was arrested for the public good and confined as a lunatic.

That hereditary cancer and muscular paralysis are in the Kaiser's blood from the male side, that the Kaiser's father died of cancer in the throat, and that at this moment the Kaiser is tormented with an ear trouble which medical experts say not only affects the bronchial channels, but seriously heats and distempers the brain, are facts quite well known to all those about the Emperor's Court.

The Kaiser's treatment of his mother, England's Princess Royal, showed all the refined brutality of a youthful lunatic, who from his early days seriously considered that God had especially ordained him to conquer and rule the world.



If, however, all these facts do not establish a *prima facie* case for lunacy, and one is not to adjudge the Emperor of the Germans a lunatic, the only other sane conclusion is that he is a thorough hypocrite, from the crest of his helmet to his spurs. The historian of the future will surely be justified in writing him down as the master-hypocrite of our time when there stands recorded in cold type the Kaiser's egotistical proclamation of his alliance with the Almighty. Future generations will wonder at the humanity, culture, and civilization of 1914, which could tolerate with so much patience the doings of this imperial mountebank of blood, fire and sword, who punctuates his acts of rapine and murder with flashes of his appreciation of God's action in the alleged alliance.

Quite the worst feature of his conduct is his blasphemous association of the Almighty with his work of bloodshed and brutality. The very day on which he proclaimed havoc and let slip the dogs of war he approached God's altar in God's church, with his wife, and partook of the Sacrament—the Body and Blood of Christ. Court photographers were stationed at convenient angles within the church to photograph the royal pair, who, with all the glitter of the imperial sawdust and spangles, with all the pomp of their "God-ordered" rank, "humbled" themselves before the Holy Host that Christ left as a life-giver to the poor, lonely, and oppressed—in fact, to such poor souls as the Kaiser's barbarians were, at that very moment, buckling on their armour to ravish and murder. Surely that moment would cause the Prophet of Nazareth to weep for his poor, and to administer such a rebuke to the pompous royal worshippers as He did to the Pharisees when He said of them :

All their works they do to be seen of men. They love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the market-places, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

From that theatrical moment in the church the Kaiser has never ceased to proclaim to the world, in one way or another, that he and his heirs hold a mortgage on God's grace—a presumptive, pre-eminent right to use God's name in order to urge on to untimely death hundreds of thousands of brave and innocent men, leaving voids in the hearts and homes of, perhaps, millions of grief-stricken women and helpless little children.

In his impious antics he is, it is true, but mimicking the blasphemies of Napoleon I and Louis XIV.

The latter—whose licentious debauches within and without his palaces shocked the age in which he ruled, and sowed in fertile soil the

seeds of the French Revolution—after a severe defeat at the hands of the British, petulantly exclaimed: "Surely the Almighty has forgotten all I have done for Him."

Attila, in his struggle for the mastery of Europe, claimed God as his partner, and declared, through the mouths of his followers that he was the Scourge of God, whilst Napoleon made such a business of linking up the Almighty with his legalized murders that he established a department, constituting himself chief, for the distribution amongst the different castes and creeds of theological prophecies, special prayers, divine signs, omens, etc.

In the French schools a special catechism was worked into the minds of the young, one question and answer being as follows: "What ought to be thought of those who should fail in their duties to the Emperor?" "According to the Apostle St. Paul, they would be resisting the order of God Himself, and would render themselves worthy of eternal damnation."

Louis XIV and Napoleon were great soldiers and accounted splendid organizers in the ages in which they lived. The character of Napoleon is one whose counterpart history has never yet produced, nor probably ever will produce. He was essentially a great man. But the Kaiser is neither a great soldier nor a great man. He is a great egotist, however, and so, perhaps, it is but natural that he should mimic great men, even to introducing God as his coadjutor in his decrees of slaughter and atrocity.

Wiring to his daughter, the Kaiser said:

I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory. How magnificently God supported him! Thanks and honour to Him! May God continue to help the boys, and to be with you and *all* the women.

It is presumed that the royal gentleman with the monopoly of God's favour did not include in this telegram the Belgian girls whose throats his soldiers were engaged in cutting, nor the Belgian women his barbarian hordes were outraging.

Another partner to the alleged divine compact, the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, cables with assurance:

Victory after victory. God *is* with you. He is also with *us*.

A second telegram from the Kaiser, which "rings in" God as stage-manager to Wilhelm, is as follows:

God, up to the present, is with us.

The text of the Kaiser's official sermon, which his pulpit advocates of blood have been for years past instructed to preach, is:

"The German people is the elect of God, and its enemies are the enemies of the Lord."

The preaching divines did their work well.

It was reported that upon the occasion of the murderous attack upon Antwerp from the Zeppelin airship in the silence of the night, when peaceful civilians were in their beds, the Kaiser, after of course

recognizing the aid of his alleged divine Ally, commanded that public thanks be offered to Count Zeppelin.

Well might a cynical American, in a New York paper, voice the general disapproval of his countrymen towards Kaiser Wilhelm as follows :

It only remains for the Kaiser to telegraph to someone, "With God's gracious assistance, our Zeppelins have succeeded in a glorious achievement. You will join with me in thanking the Almighty. I have bestowed upon Count Zeppelin the Iron Cross of the first and second class."

This arrogant declaration of God's particular favour to Wilhelm II and his partisans becomes a little nauseating, to put it mildly, but when we have the Kaiser gloating over the hellish deeds of his barbarians and claiming that the God of Peace condones and even approves of such atrocities, we reach the limit of endurance with this German crowned monomaniac.

On the day war was proclaimed a certain piece of writing which stirred up the anti-British sympathies of the Berlin populace almost to madness, if not exactly penned by the Kaiser, was prepared at his instigation, and upon lines laid down by him. The facts are as follows : At the moment when a German mob was jeering and hurling imprecations through the battered door and broken windows of the British Embassy in Berlin, an anonymous leaflet was distributed broadcast, declaring that the Kaiser was the chosen of God, as was Moses in the days of old.

The Kaiser, so this sacrilegious leaflet stated, had been bidden by God to be strong and fearless, to go forth against the enemy, secure in the assurance that he and God together would utterly demolish their common enemy.

Referring to the Kaiser as a second Joshua, the writer of this leaflet made God's command and promise to the Captain of the Host of Israel applicable to the German Emperor.

"Go forth," God was represented as saying to his good friend and protégé, the Kaiser. "Go forth, be strong and of a good courage. Have I not commanded thee? Be not afraid, neither be dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Next, the anonymous scribe called upon all true Germans to follow their God-appointed Kaiser into the "promised lands," there to do as Joshua's army did with the cities of Jericho and Ai. There was to be one difference, however. The Germans were not to spare even one soul out of sentimental gratitude. Rahab, the harlot, was spared when Jericho fell, but Rahab's case was not to lead the Kaiser's followers to any rash acts of mercy. The enemy was to be taught a lesson. The leaflet was emphatic on that point. Examples were to be made. The more terrifying the treatment of the enemy, the more quickly would

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that enemy be cowed into crying for mercy to the Kaiser and God respectively, said the leaflet.

If Wilhelm II is certain of God's assistance, impartial people by no means agree with him. God's representative in the Roman church, for instance, was shocked beyond expression by the dragging of the holy name into a question of man's lust for blood.

The Kaiser was approached by an emissary of the late Pope on behalf of the Belgians, but no one who is merely human could hope to make any impression upon the individual who likens himself to Joshua, and proceeds to out-Joshua Joshua by the mercilessness of his legions of barbarians.

Referring to the appeal of His late Holiness to the Kaiser, the *Independence Belge* states :

We learn from a reliable source that the German Emperor has been warned by an authorized representative of the Vatican of the moral consequences of the violent aggression committed upon neutral and pacific Belgium, as well as of the discredit which will result for Germans throughout the world. So far as we understand, the advice and counsel of the Vatican is being employed at this moment as far as possible in favour of Belgium.

The late Pope also refused to give the blessing of Holy Church to the Austrian cause. He would give no answer to the first two Austrian messengers who went to beg his blessing for the Austrian army, and upon a third pleader being sent to him, replied : "I bless peace only."

Reading of the brazen, trumpet-tongued way in which the Kaiser has advertised God's acquiescence in his plans and deeds, and then turning to official accounts of the revolting acts of his barbarian soldiers, one is absolutely appalled. Surely the world has never known such frightful examples of profanity and rank blasphemy as those now afforded by this earnest "Christian" gentleman, Wilhelm II.

Mr. Barry Pain, the famous author, sends to *The Times* a well-timed verse on the Kaiser's blasphemy. The following are the two last verses of his poem, and they put the Kaiser's profanity in a very clear light :

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer  
Look upon your hands, and there  
Let that deep and awful stain  
From the blood of children slain  
Burn your very soul with shame,  
Till you dare not breathe that Name  
That you now so glibly advertise—  
God as one of your allies.



Impious braggart, you forget  
 God is not your conscript yet ;  
 You shall learn in dumb amaze  
 That His ways are not your ways,  
 That the mire through which you trod  
 Is not the high white road of God.

The sight of innocent girls and women violated before their relatives' eyes, of old men and women tortured and left to die in agony, of strong men shot without a chance of defending themselves, of the wounded slaughtered while lying on the field awaiting the Red Cross men, should make God weep with pity, and not congratulate the bloody perpetrators.

Yet all these atrocities, and other unnameable horrors which none but some tormenting fiend out of Hades could dream of, much less commit on luckless human beings, are, according to the Kaiser, "necessary examples," approved by God.

Surely the royal egotist forgets his Bible, which, according to Job, says: "Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him that is perfect in knowledge?"

Many Germans, horrified by reports of their countrymen's savagery, have indignantly repudiated them—have even tried to put them in the shade by tales of outrages committed on their people by the enemy. However, no denial is necessary, as the Kaiser has admitted his knowledge of his butchers' atrocities on the Belgians. He has attempted to excuse himself and his murderers and ravishers by stating that he finds it necessary to make horrible examples, so that all his enemies may be terrorized into yielding to him. Wanton cruelty, vicious murder, outrages upon women and children, and a hundred other forms of brutality and despicable cowardice have been glossed over by Wilhelm II, who has a very poor opinion of his allied enemies' spirit if he really believes he can terrorize them by his gross, revolting tactics. Rather will he arouse the unconquerable spirit that characterized the French Revolution—the spirit which preferred death to the risk of being made slaves in foreign chains. Terrible indeed will be the vengeance of those who have had near and dear ones tortured and outraged by the Kaiser's bloody and lustful butchers. God's "chosen one," as he likes to call himself, may live to regret bitterly that he ever sent the following wireless message from his doomed country :

The only means of preventing surprise attacks from the civil population has been to interfere with unrelenting severity, and to create examples, which, by their frightfulness, would be a warning to the whole country. The increased war contribution levied on the province of Liège has also had an excellent effect.

Murdering and terrorizing women and children, outraging pure young girls, prodding old cripples with bayonets to hurry their poor



dragging feet along—doing all these things to a people against whom the most ingenious and perfidious German cannot make out a case, no doubt *did* “create examples, which, by their frightfulness, would be a warning to the whole country.”

Surely civilization will stand aghast at the German Emperor's frank and callous avowal, his cowardly excuse for his bloody barbarians, whose hands are yet reeking with the blood of the daughters and babies of Belgium.

But perhaps all civilization does not know of these atrocities? Possibly it has even read accounts, concocted by the Germans, of savageries perpetrated by the opposite side? Let everybody, however, remember that the Kaiser *has fully admitted his knowledge of, and responsibility with regard to his people's horrifying brutalities in Belgium.*

Let anyone in doubt, or any in ignorance, read in the following chapters of the murderous atrocities committed by the Kaiser's savages before he decides that the German campaign in Belgium was merely one involving all the painful but necessary incidents of modern war.

Any student of history reading these chapters will at once see that the “cultured and scientific” Germans of to-day have been more brutal, more regardless of life, honour, and virtue than were the blood-stained Huns of old.

What will be the net result of Germany's infamous, cold-blooded murder, her open and unabashed riot of shameful license? The standard of the horrible has been set by “cultured” Germany to “barbaric” Russia. The Russians may be credited with the desire to profit by the example of their “cultured” teachers—with what results God alone knows.

The New York *Evening Sun* of August 27th, in the course of an article on “Cossacks and Culture” says :

When the German armies penetrated the moral barrier of neutrality built by treaties round about Belgium and Luxembourg, the Imperial Chancellor told the German people that this was a wrong justifiable only because German culture was in peril. Now, when Zeppelins are carrying midnight murder into Antwerp, slaying the women and children of an unhappy race, whose only offence lay in the fact that fate had placed it in the pathway of the German General Staff's operations, what warrant will the Kaiser's Minister find to satisfy the German people? Germany, too, the world over, has appealed to the neutral nations for sympathy and moral support in her noble defence of her endangered culture. Cannot the Germans perceive that a few more Zeppelin raids, a few more slaughterings of women and children and of the helpless and hapless, and the world, no longer neutral, will look Eastward over the troubled Vistula towards the Russian millions flowing resistlessly onward, and will welcome them as the soldiers of civilization, and as the saviours of all that the word and thought of culture means to it.

An opinion on the German methods of warfare from a Russian soldier, who was wounded in one of the recent fights in Eastern

Prussia, is sent from *The Times* representative at Petrograd, and is published, as follows :

At first we were calm, but after we had seen ruined homes in the frontier villages and the torn and dismembered bodies of women and children, our blood boiled and we vowed vengeance. We thought they were civilized, but we saw how they killed and mutilated our wounded. Their villages were empty, all the inhabitants having fled.

In some places armed inhabitants offer resistance. The Cossacks did not spare them; but, on the other hand, no quarter was shown to the Cossacks. The Germans cut off their hands and ears and tortured them.

The Prussian soldiers are well-grown and well-clad in overcoats, like officers. All carry watches. They are afraid of the bayonet; hence there was very little hand-to-hand fighting. Our officers fight in our midst and do not spare themselves. We were forbidden, under pain of death, to molest peaceable inhabitants or to take what is not ours. We faithfully obeyed the order.

While the Russians keep to the manly, humane order expressed above, avoiding the example set them by the "cultured" Germans, we may hope to see Germany invaded, if with much bloodshed, at least without rapine, cold wanton murder, and shameful outrage.

But the question is, how long will the Russians—whose fiery natures have not been subject to the discipline of generations of up-to-date civilization and "highest culture"—be able to repress the instincts of their hot, and in many cases, half-wild blood, which prompts them to repay murder by murder, outrage by outrage?

It is hardly to be expected that there will not be some terrible results, in the way of reprisals, brought about by our Russian allies. Such reprisals have certainly been sought for by the behaviour of the Kaiser, who up to the present has been the "be-all," and we sincerely hope will also prove the "end-all," of the German menace that has too long placed its Prussian spur-tipped heel on the peaceful dispositions of Europe.\*

\* Whilst this chapter was with the printers, Reuter's Special Service cabled from Petrograd :—"Incessant accounts of German vandalism and savagery are daily increasing the Russian bitterness. Such expressions as, 'God help them when we get to Berlin!' are beginning to be heard from even the most pacific lips."

We can all say "Amen!" to the supplication to God to help the Germans, for, if the approach of the great army of vengeance means anything it assuredly means that these barbarians—who left behind them everywhere the prostrate, bleeding bodies of Belgian women, children and old people, as evidence of their fiendish, hideous work—will sadly need the intervention of God on their behalf when the Russian flag is hoisted at Berlin.

In the meantime, it is the duty of all men and women who value their lives, the lives and chastity of their children and their homes, to read and understand the unspeakable horrors committed by the Kaiser's barbarians. With what hellish joy they fulfilled their royal master's injunction, which instructed them, *vide* his address to his troops, July 29, 1900 :—"No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy."

## The Belgian Mission to America.

On the evening of Monday, September 1, I had the honour of being introduced by the Belgian Legation to the members of the Belgian Mission to America at the Hotel Cecil. The members of the Mission were :

M. CARTON DE WIART, Chief of the Mission, Belgian Minister of Justice.

M. DE SADELEER, Leader of the Belgian Conservatives.

M. PAU HYMANS, Leader of the Belgian Liberals.

M. EMILE VANDERVELDE, Leader of the Belgian Socialists.

The Chief of the Mission made a statement to the representatives of the London Press in reference to the atrocities the Germans have committed upon a pacific and neutral people. Although this statement was made orally in quite an unceremonious way to the Pressmen, every word carried with it the speaker's genuine and absolute horror and his deep sorrow and pity for his brutally-used people. It was a tale of terror, which should awaken the indignant pity of all men and women who are not of the Kaiser's opinion that justice and honour are dead and that brute force and sheer savagery should reign in their stead.

M. de Wiart said that the King of the Belgians is sending this special Mission to the President of the United States, to bring before him and his people the atrocious way in which the German Army has treated the Belgians.

"Before going to America," M. de Wiart proceeded, "the Mission have come to London, with the desire of conveying to the King, to the British Government, to the British Press, and to the British people generally the heartfelt thanks of Belgium for the great help Britain has given to us in terribly trying circumstances. This morning the Mission had the honour of being received by the King, who showed himself most gracious to us. Afterwards we were received by Sir Edward Grey, and, later, we had interviews with the French and Russian Ambassadors.

"The Mission handed to the representatives of the British Government a statement, which was presented to the King. We also handed to Sir Edward Grey the minutes of the evidence taken by the official enquiry, of which your country is aware.

"Among the different violations of international law perpetrated by the German authorities towards us we put in the front rank the violation of our neutrality. That there has been such a violation has been recognized by the Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. Also in the same category of violence of public right is the "doing away" of large sums belonging to the National Bank, which is a

private company and not a public institution—sums which amounted to a number of millions. These sums were done away with in Liège and Hasselt.

“Then, under the same heading of the violation of international law is the bombardment of open towns—towns which are not protected by any military works. These are such towns as Malines and Louvain, Antwerp, too, has been bombarded. Being an unfortified place, there ought to have been twenty-four hours’ notice given to the inhabitants. Such notice was not given. On the contrary, an attack by a Zeppelin airship took place during the night, with great loss of life. Another set of atrocities committed by the Germans is the bombardment and setting fire to small villages, out-of-the-way places, without any military necessity, and the massacre of perfectly innocent people—non combatant men, women and children.

“Coming to specific instances: On August 19th the town of Aerschot, in North Brabant, a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, was destroyed. During three days the German soldiery massacred and pillaged the town, which had not resisted, although there was no military source there whatever. In the neighbouring village of Diest, and in the surrounding villages, the same atrocities were perpetrated. The wife of Francis Luyckx, aged 45, with her daughter, 12 years of age, had in their terror taken refuge in a sewer. They were discovered, dragged out, and shot.

“The little daughter of Jean Oyyen, a child of 9, was also shot. A man, Andre Willem, aged 23, who was a sexton, was bound to a tree and burned alive. In the village of Schaffen, near Diest, two men named Lodts and Marken, both aged 40, were captured, and must have been buried alive head downwards. These occurrences have been fully inquired into and confirmed by the Committee of Investigation, which is composed of the highest magistrates of Belgium and the chief professors of the universities.

“As to the sacking of Louvain, we have here a statement, dated August 30th, which has been handed to the Commission by a person of universal repute in Belgium, and which has been telegraphed to us. On August 30th that person went from Brussels to Louvain. On the high road, when he got to a place called Weerde St. George, he saw only burning villages and peasants beside themselves with terror. When he reached Louvain and got to the American College—a large number of American students, young priests, and medical students come to Louvain—he found that fire had destroyed the whole town, except the Town Hall and city station. This gentleman noted that on Sunday last the Germans kept on kindling new fires and placing straw so as to carry the fire further. The cathedral and the theatre had been destroyed, and had collapsed completely. So had the famous library—one of the most precious in the world, especially as regards manuscripts and works of art. The town, he says, presents the aspect of an old ruined city, a city like Pompeii.



"In the midst of this scene of desolation the only people you could see were drunken soldiers carrying bottles of wine and liqueurs in their arms, and officers themselves sitting in the streets around tables drinking like their men."

M. de Wiart, proceeding, said he had personally visited hospitals and talked to the wounded, who had told him that many, while lying injured on the battlefield, had been bayoneted by German soldiers. He had also talked to a druggist, who, at Tirlemont, because he refused to act as a guide to the Germans, was shot and received three bayonet thrusts in the body. "But," finally declared M. de Wiart, "we are going to fight to a finish, and we are not going to give in."

M. Emile Vandervelde, the leader of the Socialist party in Belgium, then gave his experience. He had, he said, been to Malines. He found the town completely deserted. The bombardment of the town was going on all the time, and the only explanation it was possible to give was that the Germans were firing on the town in revenge, or that they sought to strike terror into the hearts of the countryside in order to drive refugees to Antwerp and make it difficult to support them during the siege, which had been the policy of the German army right through.

Soldiers had told him that again and again men and women had been deliberately put in the front rank of the German force, in order to prevent the Belgian soldiers from firing at the Germans. He had been shown, too, on the roadside, the bodies of a peasant and his son—non-combatants—literally cut to pieces by bayonet thrusts. This, he was told, had been going on through the whole campaign.

The worthy Belgian Minister of Justice concluded: "We will see this matter through, and fight to the bitter end. We cannot be vanquished, because, even if the body may be vanquished the spirit cannot. We shall keep that spirit alive."

## The German Atrocities.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

The French Foreign Minister has addressed to the Powers memoranda setting forth "indisputable facts" concerning German "acts contrary to the laws of war, of which we receive accounts day by day." The memoranda establish the two following classes of facts:

Firstly, the armies and Government of Germany profess the deepest scorn for international law and for treaties solemnly recognized by Germany.

Secondly, the devastations of the invaded countries (incendiarism, murder, pillage and atrocities) appear to be systematically pursued by order of the leaders, and are not due to acts of indiscipline.

Expressing the opinion that the facts set forth "will arouse the indignation of neutral States," the official communiqué is accompanied



by ten separate memoranda. These deal with the following acts during the war :

Killing wounded prisoners by shooting and trampling. Burning villages without armed provocation. Bombardment of Pont-a-Mousson (unfortified). Use of dum-dum bullets, some of which wounds have been found in French soldiers. Murder of Red Cross nurses.

The statement concluded :

The Government of the Republic, respecting international conventions which it has ratified, protests against those violations of international law, and holds up to reprobation before the opinion of the world the behaviour of an enemy who respects no rule, and goes back on his signature affixed to international agreements.

The terrible outrages against civilization and humanity committed by the Germans within the last few weeks are so unspeakable that all nations are horror-stricken and aroused to such disgust and loathing of the perpetrators and their brutal leaders that soon Germany will find herself practically alone against the whole world.

War can never be anything but dreadful and cruel, but the modern warfare of the Germans has not been equalled in wanton savagery and fiendish brutality even by the Red men of the American wilds, by the African heathen, or by the frontier hillmen of India.

Acts have been committed which make the cheeks burn with shame and indignation, and the heart beat with a fierce desire to make the Kaiser's human devils suffer to the utmost.

Defenceless towns, full of innocent men, women and children have been wantonly bombarded and destroyed. Every agreement decided upon by international conventions as to laws of warfare has been ruthlessly broken by the Germans in Belgium.

They forced unarmed civilians, even weak women and helpless children, mothers with babies in their arms, to form lines of defence and walk before them to shield their cowardly butchers from the enemy's fire. They have fired on Red Cross workers and priests, commandeered Red Cross wagons to carry their guns, and actually stripped and violated women before slaughtering them.

If these are the deeds which the Kaiser calls "frightful examples," he must be taught that civilization will not brook such "examples," but will insist on a day of reckoning for all atrocities.

Certain abominations, which even the butchers of Wilhelm II are afraid to acknowledge as their work, are being denied by German officials and German newspapers.

The German Commander-in-Chief denies, for instance, that women and children have been made to walk before the German lines as a shield from the allies' fire, but as to the truth of that there is the sworn testimony of many separate witnesses. British soldiers, Belgian and French soldiers, and many civilians of several nationalities have testified again and again to this fact.

Then there is the evidence of the Belgian Committee of Investigation, formed to sift the truth of the German atrocities from fiction or

exaggeration. This committee consists of eminent university and judicial authorities. Such thoroughly reliable men as Professor Wodon, Professor Cattier, Judge Nys, and Chief-Justice Van Iseghem serve on this committee, and no statement was passed by them which was not the sworn evidence of trustworthy eye-witnesses. Many atrocities which came to the notice of this committee have, as a matter of fact, been attested to by several independent witnesses of different nationalities, and to the slightest detail their accounts agree.

The official list of atrocities include the following "examples." Many outrages I simply cannot bring myself to publish. They are too horrible and indecent to bear thought, much less pen and ink.

German cavalry occupying the village of Linsmeau were attacked by some Belgian infantry and two gendarmes. A German officer was killed by our (the Belgian) troops during the fighting, and subsequently buried at the request of the Belgian officer in command. None of the civilian population took part in the fighting at Linsmeau. Nevertheless the village was invaded at dusk on August 10th by a strong force of German cavalry, artillery and machine guns. In spite of the formal assurances given by the Burgomaster of Linsmeau that none of the peasants had taken part in the previous fighting, two farms and six outlying houses were destroyed by gun-fire and burnt.

All the male inhabitants were then compelled to come forward and hand over whatever arms they possessed. No recently discharged firearms were found. Nevertheless the invaders seized and divided the peasants into three groups. Those in one of the groups were bound, and eleven of them placed in a ditch, where they were afterwards found dead, their skulls fractured by the butts of German rifles.

During the night of August 10th the German cavalry entered Velm in great numbers. The inhabitants were asleep. The Germans, without provocation, fired on M. Deglimme's house, broke into it, destroyed furniture, looted money, burnt barns, hay and corn stacks, farm implements, six oxen, and the contents of the farmyard. They carried off Madame Deglimme, half-naked, to a place two miles away. She was then let go, and fired upon as she fled, without being hit. Her husband was carried away in another direction and fired upon. He is now dying. The same troops sacked and burned the house of a railway watchman.

Farmer Jef Dierick, of Neerhespen, bears witness to the following acts of cruelty committed by German cavalry at Orsmael and Neerhespen on August 10th, 11th, and 12th. An old man of the latter village had his arm sliced in three longitudinal cuts; he was then hung head downwards and burned alive. Young girls have been violated, and little children outraged at Orsmael, where several inhabitants suffered mutilations too horrible to describe.

## Fire and Sword in Louvain.

### Destruction of the Beautiful Belgian Cities.

"True history begins from the moment when the German, with mighty hand, seizes the inheritance of antiquity."—*The author of "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century."*

When the news of the destruction of the wonderful city of Louvain reached the world outside the theatre of war, civilization was aghast at the barbaric deed.

No such sentimental horror troubled the Kaiser's cast-iron multitude. To them this shocking act of desecration and vandalism was but the triumph of "cultured" Germany over those whom the Kaiser intends to grind beneath his martial heel. They cared nothing that their butcher-vandals had ruthlessly destroyed, in a few hours of savagery, the jealously-guarded beauty and genius of centuries.

Immediately the news reached Berlin the people there gave vent to their satisfaction by parading the streets, lustily singing patriotic songs, and yelling themselves hoarse as they shouted: "It should have been London! London's turn next!"

After such a terrible proof that the Germans hold nothing sacred, one can easily imagine what will become of many other beautiful cities of Europe if the Kaiser's vandals are allowed to swoop down upon them. One can see, in imagination, the wild joy with which they would destroy the priceless treasures of art and learning in, say Paris and London. With what fiendish energy would they work to cover with shameful ashes the sites of these and many other noble cities, that they might be wiped out altogether, and that there may no longer exist cities which dwarf their own beloved Berlin.

After the destruction of Louvain, what cities are safe from the sacrilegious German hands? For years Germans have been taught that England alone stands between them and their "proper place in the sun." They know that in London is centred England's glory and pride. How they would love to humble that glory and pride! Aye, every German soldier would gladly die if only he could first take a share in the sacking of London.

What was the sacking of Louvain—irreparable as is the loss to the world by its destruction—compared with what the sacking of London would be, could the Kaiser's vandal-butchers gain an entrance into the finest and richest city in all the world?

Not long ago, when a party of influential Germans was being shown over our beautiful London, one of them was asked what was his chief impression.

"What a city to loot!" he replied.

Probably he voiced the most urgent desire of his fellow-countrymen in that short sentence. It behoves every Briton to see to it that the German vandals never realise that desire.

When the Romans sacked Carthage it was not the work of a few hours of fierce sudden passion. It was the realisation of Rome's chief dream. For years it had been a proverb with the Romans, "*Delenda est Carthago*" (Carthage must fall). The Romans prepared for this end. They strove valiantly for it, and they achieved it. It is for us to see that the Germans do not achieve their end.

The destruction of the Belgians' beloved and beautiful Louvain will surely open the eyes of these millions of men and women all the world over who are unwilling to look upon the "cultured" civilized Germans as barbarian vandals, as to the stupendous enormities they are fully prepared and determined to commit.

Shall these "cultured" people—led by a man who for years has been on the verge of proclaiming himself divine, or, at least, semi-divine—be allowed to terrorize Europe, to break down all that civilization has stood for for hundreds of years, and to take the world back to the days when the barbarous Huns swarmed in devastating hordes over Europe?

No law of God or man is sacred to the "cultured" German savages while they are on their wild march for blood, blood, and more blood. Will sane Christendom listen with patience to the revolting details of the destruction of Louvain? Here is a plain, unvarnished account of it, without any exaggeration, indeed erring rather on the other side because of many details which are far too horrible to publish.

Louvain, for centuries the centre of intellectual achievement of the Low Countries, the Oxford of Belgium, as it has been termed, has been wiped out of existence, with all its noble buildings, its priceless records and its wonders of beauty and art. From mediæval times—when Louvain was the capital of Brabant, and possessed a University which was even then the pride of all Europe—until one short month ago, the glories of the sacked town had been exhibited with pardonable pride to strangers from far and near. Now it is little more than a heap of ashes. The beautiful Hotel de Ville, founded 1448, an exquisite and world-renowned example of Flemish type of architecture in the Middle ages, was at first reported to have been burnt down. It has since transpired, however, that it is still standing, although very much injured.

The principal church of the town, St. Pierre, which dated from 1556, contained some of the finest stained glass and wood-carving in the world. Its ancient seat of learning, founded 1425, has been ruthlessly destroyed, for the antiquity of noble buildings and historic institutions does not deter the wicked work of German vandals, just as age in poor helpless human beings fails to move the German butchers to pity.

Several other wonderful churches, the library, with its priceless scrolls and volumes, together with Louvain's famous scientific establishment, have all been demolished as a sacrifice to the Kaiser's inordinate self-pride and ambition.



Whereas German brutality to their comrades has quite failed to quell the spirit of the terribly-wronged little nation, almost every Belgian heart is breaking at this wanton and barbaric destruction of their beloved Louvain.

Belgians who tell of the outrages upon their own people with dry eyes burst into tears as they remember their Louvain—until a few weeks ago a noble, peaceful town, whose 45,000 inhabitants never, in their wildest moments, dreamed could be so quickly reduced to a heap of shapeless ashes.

Even the German commander at Louvain was panic-stricken when he realised exactly what had happened. However, to divest himself of all blame (although this was unnecessary, as the Kaiser and his blind followers seek no excuse from their paid vandal butchers as to their outrages), the German leader stated that the Belgians began the firing.

As a matter of fact, the Belgians in Louvain had been disarmed by the Germans just a week before the occurrence, and it was impossible for them to have obtained firearms in the meantime.

The "Press Bureau" of August 30th states :

The excuse for this unpardonable act of barbarity (the sacking of Louvain) is that a discomfited band of German troops returning to Louvain was fired on by the people of the town, who had been disarmed a week earlier. The truth is that the Germans, making for the town in disorder, were fired on by their friends in occupation of Louvain—a mistake by no means rare in war. The assumption of the German commander (having reference to the absurd theory that the disarmed Belgian civilians fired upon the Germans) was so wide of probability that it can only be supposed that, in his desire to conceal the facts, the first idea which occurred to him was seized upon as an excuse for an act without parallel in the history of civilized people.

*The Times* of August 31st says :

The German difficulty in justifying the destruction of Louvain is shown by the publication to-day of a new version, different from the former, and apparently equally untrue. It is now said that the inhabitants, finding only one battalion of the Landsturm and a transport column in the town, formed the impression that the Germans were evacuating the place. Thereupon the priests served out weapons to the population, which fired upon the unsuspecting Germans from all sides, wounding many. German petrol wagons were also attacked.

The previous version had said that an attack was deliberately devised by the Belgian authorities to synchronise with a sortie from Antwerp.

From the two conflicting accounts issued by the German commander, it is only too evident to everybody that he is trying his utmost to condone and gloss over what he knows to have been a wicked, stupid, and unpardonable blunder on his part and that of his men.

The *Daily Telegraph* of August 31st publishes an account of the sacking of Louvain given by an eye-witness of the terrible affair, the correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*. This correspondent declares :

There was no time for exhaustive enquiry. Old men, sick people, women were shot. In the meantime part of the town was shelled by artillery. Many



buildings were set on fire by shells. On others, petrol was poured and a match applied.

The German officer advised me to go away, as, several houses being still intact, more firing was expected.

Under a strong escort, two groups of men and women arrived, each a hundred strong. They were hostages. They were stood in rows by the station, and every time a soldier was shot in the town ten of these pitiful civilians were slaughtered. Tears and pleadings were in vain. The good suffered with the bad.

At night the scene was terrible, burning buildings shedding a lurid glow over the town, which was running with tears of blood.

This was no time for sleep. The sight of the terrible awfulness drove away all thoughts and desire for rest. Towards dawn the soldiers took possession of all buildings which had not been destroyed. With the rising of the sun I walked on to the boulevards and saw them strewn with bodies, many of them being of old people and priests.

A Dutch refugee gives the following statement to the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* :

Several soldiers were billeted on us, and just as we were sitting down to the midday meal on August 25th, the alarm was sounded and the soldiers rushed out.

Immediately firing started, and knowing the terrible consequence of civilians appearing in the streets at such times, we sought refuge in the cellar. Next morning we attempted to reach the railway station, but were arrested.

My wife was taken from me, and the Mayor, the Principal of the University, and I, with other men, were taken to a goods shed and our hands bound. I saw 300 men and boys marched to the corner of the Boulevard van Tienen, and every one massacred. The heads of the police were shot. We were then marched towards Herent, and on the way the soldiers thought the enemy was approaching, and ordered us to kneel down. They then took cover behind us. Only after many such hardships were we permitted to return to Louvain and escape by train.

Another Dutch refugee said to a representative of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* :

All was dark, till suddenly, through the windows, I saw the lurid glow of the neighbouring burning houses. I heard the agonised cry of people tortured by the flames. Six priests moved among us, giving absolution. Next morning the priests were shot—why, I know not. We were compelled to walk with our hands in the air, for fear of arms being concealed.

Many refugees gave accounts as to the massacre of the priests. Priests, women and children, the aged and infirm, are prey much relished by the cowardly German savages.

A poor woman refugee from Louvain, now in Folkestone, gives the following statement :

We had pulled down some of the buildings so that the Germans should not mount guns on them when they came. We were in a state of terror, because we had heard of the cruelties of the Germans to our people at other places. Well, they came, and all we heard of them was not as bad as we experienced. In the streets people were cruelly butchered, and then on all sides flames began to rise. We were prepared for what we had regarded as the worst, but never had we anticipated that they would burn us in our homes.

People rushed about frantic to save their property. Pictures of relatives were snatched from the walls, clothing was seized, and the people were demented.

What was the excuse given? Well, they said our people had shot at them, but that was absolutely untrue. The real reason was the pulling down of the buildings. My house was burning when I left it with my three children. We were

part of the crowd which left the burning town and kept walking, without knowing where we were going. Miles and miles we trudged, and I am told we walked over seventy miles before we came to a railway. I wanted to bow down and kiss the rails. I fell exhausted, having carried my children in turn. Foot-sore, broken-hearted, after the first joy of sighting the railway, I wondered if it was all worth while. Then I thought of my deliverance and thanked God.

What did Louvain look like? Like what it was, a mass of flame devouring our homes, our property—to some our very relatives. It was pitiful to behold. Most of us women were deprived of our husbands. They had either fallen or were fighting for their country. In the town everybody who offered any opposition was killed, and everyone found to be armed in any way was shot.

I saw the burgomaster shot, and I saw another man dragged roughly from his weeping wife and children and shot through the head.

A Belgian soldier, who reached Folkestone by the Ostend boat in a very tattered, pitiable condition, was persuaded to tell his story. After giving a harrowing account of his capture and escape, the Belgian said:

Creeping out of the cellar, we found the place in darkness and the streets strewn with dead bodies. On nearing a corner we heard the measured tread of soldiers approaching from a side street, and the same thought appeared to strike us simultaneously. We lay upon the ground, and the German troops passed us by under the impression that we were corpses. The Germans respect nothing, not even the Red Cross. The wounded plead to be finished rather than fall into the hands of the Germans, who have been cruelly treating the wounded. They even fired on a procession of priests. They know all our bugle-calls, and in the last fight I was in they deceived us by sounding our call, leading us into an ambush and attacking us.

One of the many Dutch refugees from Louvain declared that his flight through the burning city was like "walking through hell." He heard dreadful screams from the unfortunates who were being burned alive in their homes. Cries of little children, mingled with the wailing screams of women, turned the blood cold with horror.

He hid in a cellar, with his small son, under a pile of rubber tyres, but presently they were forced from this shelter, as the house above them was in flames. Looking out cautiously, they discovered that the soldiers were firing on everyone who attempted to leave the burning buildings. The unhappy beings had to choose between death by bullet or by fire.

The Dutchman saw some poor souls driven to the roof of a burning building, where they were roasted alive. One woman had taken shelter in a pit, where the water reached above her waist, and there she crouched, while bullets flew and whistled around her.

The floors crashed into the cellar where the Dutchman and his little son were hidden. Still, they dared not go out into the street, for every man, woman or child who did so was shot down like a rat leaving its hole.

Then the roof crashed in, and the Dutchman decided he must do something, or he and his son would perish like trapped vermin. They dashed out into the street, crying, "We are German. Don't shoot."

The ruse worked, and they were taken to the railway station,

where they saw fifty people driven in by German soldiers, who swore they had taken their captives from houses from which firing had taken place.

The unhappy prisoners vowed by every sacred oath under the sun that they were innocent, but their declarations were disregarded, and they were shot in cold blood.

A later report comes to hand from another of the Dutch refugees from Louvain, who says :

Before the Germans entered the town, the Civic Guard had been disarmed, and all weapons in the possession of the population had to be given up. Even toy guns and toy pistols, precious collections of old weapons, bows and arrows, and other antique arms useless for any kind of modern warfare, had to be surrendered, and all these things—sometimes of great personal value to the owner—have since been destroyed by the Germans. The value of one single private collection has been estimated at about £1,000. From the pulpits the priests urged the people to keep calm, as that was the only way to prevent harm being done to them.

A few days after the entry of the German troops, the military authority agreed to cease quartering their men in private houses in return for a payment of 100,000 francs (£4,000) a day. On some houses between forty and fifty men had been billeted. After the first payment of the voluntary contribution the soldiers encamped in the open or in the public buildings. The beautiful rooms in the Town Hall, where the civil marriages take place, were used as a stable for cavalry horses.

At first, everything the soldiers bought was paid for in cash or promissory notes, but later this was altered. Soldiers came and asked for change, and when this was handed to them they tendered in return for the hard cash a piece of paper—a kind of receipt.

On Sunday, the 23rd, I and some other influential people in the town were roused from our beds. We were informed that an order had been given that 250 mattresses, 200 lbs. of coffee, 250 loaves of bread, and 500 eggs must be on the market-place within an hour. On turning out, we found the burgomaster standing on the market-place, and crowds of citizens, half naked or in their night attire, carrying everything they could lay hands on to the market, that no harm might befall their burgomaster. After this had been done the German officer in command told us that his orders had been misinterpreted, and that he only wanted the mattresses.

On Tuesday, the 25th, many troops left the town. We had a few soldiers in our house. At six o'clock, when everything was ready for dinner, alarm signals sounded, and the soldiers rushed through the streets, shots whistled through the air, cries and groans arose on all sides; but we did not dare leave our house, and took refuge in the cellar, where we stayed through long and fearful hours. Our shelter was lighted up by the reflection of the burning houses. The firing continued unceasingly, and we feared at any moment our houses would be burnt over our heads. At break of day I crawled from the cellar to the street-door, and saw nothing but a raging sea of fire.

At nine o'clock the shooting diminished, and we resolved to make a dash for the station. Abandoning our home and all our goods except what we could carry, and taking all the money we had, we rushed out. What we saw on our way to the station is hardly describable, everything was burning, the streets were covered with bodies shot dead and half-burnt. Everywhere proclamations had been posted, summoning every man to assist in quenching the flames, and the women and children to stay inside the houses. The station was crowded with fugitives, and I was just trying to show an officer my legitimation papers when the soldiers separated me from my wife and children.

All protests were useless, and a group of us were marched off to a big shed in

the goods yard, from whence we could see the finest buildings in the city, the most beautiful historical monuments, being burnt down.

Shortly afterwards German soldiers drove before them 300 men and lads to the corner of the Boulevard van Tienen and the Maria Theresa-street, opposite the Café Vermalen. There they were shot. The sight filled us with horror. The Burgomaster, two magistrates, the Rector of the University, and all public officials had been shot already.

With our hands bound behind our backs we were then marched off by the soldiers, still without having seen our wives and children. We went through the Juste de Litsh-street, along the Diester Boulevard, across the Vaart, and up the hill.

From the Mont Cæsar we had a full view of the burning town, St. Peter in flames, while the troops incessantly sent shot after shot into the unfortunate town. We came through the village of Herent—one single heap of ruins—where another troop of prisoners, including half-a-dozen priests, joined us. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, evidently as the result of some false alarm, we were ordered to kneel down, and the soldiers stood behind us with their rifles ready to fire, using us as a shield. But fortunately for us nothing happened.

After a delay of half-an-hour our march was continued. No conversation was allowed, and the soldiers continually maltreated us. One soldier struck me all his might with the heavy butt-end of his rifle. I could hardly walk any further, but I had to. We were choked with thirst, but the Germans wasted their drinking water without offering us a drop.

At seven o'clock we arrived at Camperhout, en route for Malines. We saw many half-burnt dead bodies—men, women, and children. Frightened to death and half-starved, we were locked up in the church, and there later joined by another troop of prisoners from the surrounding villages.

At ten o'clock the church was lighted up by burning houses. Again shots whistled through the air, followed by cries and groans.

At five o'clock next morning all the priests were taken out by the soldiers and shot, together with eight Belgian soldiers, six cyclists, and two gamekeepers. Then the officer told us we could go back to Louvain. This we did, but only to be recaptured by other soldiers, who brought us back to Camperhout. From there we were marched to Malines, not by the high road, but along the river. Some of the party fell into the water, but all were rescued. After thirty-six hours of ceaseless excitement and danger we arrived at Malines, where we were able to buy some food, and from there I escaped to Holland. I still do not know where my wife and children are.

Sir Claude Phillips describes the sacrilegious conduct of the Germans at Louvain as "an act of hideous, wanton violence, a crime for which posterity will refuse to find words of pardon or excuse." In the course of an article bemoaning the destruction of the Louvain art treasures, Sir Charles says :

The chief treasures of the church of Saint Pierre de Louvain were two famous paintings by Dierick (or Thierry) Bouts, who is as closely identified with the now destroyed university city of Belgium as are the Van Eycks with Ghent and Bruges, and Roger van der Weyden with Tournay and Brussels. The earlier of these paintings is, or rather was, the remarkable triptych with the martyrdom of St. Erasmus in the central panel, and the figures of St. Jerome and St. Bernard in the wings. This was seen at the Bruges retrospective exhibition of 1904. But perhaps the masterpiece of Dierick Bouts, and certainly one of the finest examples of Flemish fifteenth-century art, was the polyptych painted by him for the altar of the Holy Sacrament in the collegiate church of Saint Pierre.

The central panel of this work, whereupon was represented the Last Supper, was, until a few days ago, the chief adornment of that church and of the ancient



city. One of the most accomplished writers on modern Netherlandish art, M. Fierens-Gevaert, has written thus of this "Last Supper" by Bouts: "*La Cene est une des œuvres les plus profondes, les mieux peintes du XVme. siècle, et si l'on dressait une liste des cinq ou six chefs-d'œuvres de nos primitifs, il faudrait l'y comprendre.*" And in committing this act of hideous, wanton violence, this crime, for which posterity will refuse to find words of pardon or excuse, the Prussian commander has also been guilty of an act of incredible ignorance, of boundless stupidity. For, strange to say, the splendid wings which once completed this famous altar-piece, and would, if a reconstruction could have been effected, have caused Bout's polyptych to stand forth one of the most important works of Flemish art in existence—these wings are in Germany. In the *Alte Pinakothek* are preserved the "Gathering of the Manna" and the "Meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek."

In the Kaiser Friedrich Museum of Berlin are to be found "The Prophet Elijah in the Desert" and the "Feast of the Passover." It would obviously have been better to steal this "Last Supper," this central jewel of the doomed city's pictorial adornment, to confide it either to Munich or to Berlin, than thus to blot it out for ever. It would have been cruel, iniquitous, to despoil heroic Belgium; it is infamous, and, above all, it is stupid, to tear out the heart of a masterpiece, to rob the world, and in punishing Belgium, to punish Germany, to punish Europe. Napoleon, the ruthless plunderer of museums and churches, was mild and humane in comparison. If he stole, whether under forcibly imposed treaty, or by sheer brute force, the accepted masterpieces of painting and sculpture belonging to the States which he overcame, he stole with a certain reverence; much as the believer steals the most sacred treasures from the temple, or the most precious relics of the Passion and the saints from the Church or the tomb. Robber though he was, he worshipped in awe-struck delight the masterpieces which he tore from the nations, and his triumphant fellow-countrymen, during the brief period of his supremacy, worshipped with him. The Louvre, under his protection, became the central temple of sacred and profane art; and when, in 1814 and 1815, it was compelled to disgorge the world's treasures, they were returned, after a dire struggle, it is true, yet intact. We know, moreover, that when the youthful General Buonaparte, after a campaign of dazzling brilliancy, entered Milan as a conqueror, his first thought was for the protection of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper."

\* \* \* \* \*

A shocking story of the treatment suffered by the citizens of Louvain at the hands of the Germans is told by the *Times* special correspondent. In Ghent, in Bruges, Ostend, and in Blankenberghe, says the correspondent, he has met the homeless, the fatherless, and the motherless of Louvain. "Everywhere you come across emaciated creatures, pictures of blank despair, and it requires an effort of imagination to realise that only a few short weeks ago they were ordinary mortals like ourselves, hale, hearty, and surpassingly industrious. Search the whole of history and you will not find a Calvary worse than theirs."

The writer, who has interviewed some of these refugees, says the rack and the thumbscrew are not to be compared with the tortures being practised in Belgium by the enemy. The following statements bear this out:

On the day of the bombardment of Louvain a Prussian officer, accompanied by a Red Cross nurse, entered the city with the information that the German troops were about to shell it. They advised the inhabitants to get out at once by the tw



free routes—namely, the Chaussée de Tervueren and the road skirting the canal. Twelve or thirteen hundred people thereupon took to flight and were permitted to get the length of Rotselaer. Here they encountered the main German army and were arrested, the men, women, and children being separated. After an anxious period of waiting the women and children were allowed to proceed, but the men were marched back to Louvain. Then began a terrible journey—a journey that drove many mad and others to self-destruction.

Like so many brutes these burgesses of Louvain, among them merchants, brewers, advocates, engineers, and representatives of all social grades, were herded into wagons which had served for the transport of horses and were inches deep in filth. Into each wagon ninety men were crushed at the point of the bayonet by soldiers, who seemed to glory in the maltreatment of their fellow-men. The unhappy prisoners had, of course, to stand, and, to add to the horrors of the fœtid atmosphere, the doors were shut, and only fugitive rays of light filtered through the chinks.

For two hours they were kept like this at Louvain Station, after which the train left for Cologne, via Liège, Verviers, and Herbestal. The journey occupied about fifty hours, and the Belgians during this awful time were given neither food nor drink. "After such an experience," said a prominent business man of Louvain to me, "hell itself can have no terrors." Once strong physically, and prosperous, he who spoke is now a nervous wreck and destitute, living on the charity of friends, who do not know but what it may be their turn to-morrow.

Arrived at Cologne, the prisoners were marched through jeering crowds to the Exhibition Gardens. Men and women surged round the pitiful band, hurling at them vile epithets, and shouting, "Zum tod, zum tod!" ("Kill them, kill them!"). Even the children joined in kicking the prisoners as they passed. The Belgians could gather no idea as to why they had been dragged off to Germany, and even feared the worst. The night was passed in the open, and in the morning they broke their prolonged fast on a small portion of black bread.

Suddenly the German authorities changed their minds. Back the prisoners must go to Belgium, and, four abreast, the motley column regained the station. A passenger train awaited them, but each compartment for nine people was made to hold eighteen or nineteen. In some ways the home journey was more terrible than the outward. For two days and three nights the unfortunate inhabitants of Louvain were jolted about between Cologne and the capital of their own country, again absolutely without food.

The Prussian officers were completely at a loss what to do with their charges, whom they ultimately released at Malines.

The correspondent concludes this terrible story by saying that on the road to Cologne so unspeakable were the conditions that almost in every wagon several men went mad, and, returning to Liège, one man jumped through the carriage window and was killed.

How does this plain account of suffering and horror inflicted by German brutes upon defenceless civilians harmonize with the Kaiser's pulpit utterances when he informed his people that he is the "elect of God," and his enemies God's enemies?

May the true and living God comfort those unfortunates whose mangled bodies are under the heel of the Kaiser, *his* God, and his barbarians,

## Destruction of Malines.

The bombardment of Malines, near Antwerp, known to many

people as Mechlin, ranks as another flagrant breach of the etiquette of warfare.

Malines was an "open" and undefended town, and no possible reason for destroying it can be assigned to the Germans, except that they revel in wanton destruction.

For two hours the Germans bombarded Malines, over 100 shrapnel shells bursting in the town and creating great havoc. Fortunately the population had evacuated Malines two days before the bombardment, or doubtless there would have been a repetition of the Louvain butchery.

The cathedral of St. Rombold in Malines is absolutely reduced to ruins, and its loss is irreparable. It was a magnificent specimen of the Gothic churches in which Belgium is so rich, and its glorious painted windows were the pride of the whole nation. The world-famous chimes of St. Rombold's Tower were destroyed, as was the noble altar-piece by Van Dyck. Other noble buildings and churches have been razed to the ground.

Fortunately, the great masterpiece of Rubens, "Adoration of the Magi," in the church of St. Jean, was saved by the courageous action of the steward of the Royal Museum, Antwerp, who rushed into the burning town, at great risk to himself, and took the picture to Antwerp.

It now transpires that the Germans bombarded Malines with picrite bombs, contrary to the stipulations agreed to at the Hague Conferences.

A short history of Malines may be of interest here as showing how great an act of vandalism was its destruction.

In 915 Malines became a possession of the Bishops of Liège. Under the family of Berthoer, the episcopal stewards, it gained an almost independent position, but in 1332 the town was sold to Count Louis of Flanders. To this day Malines is the ecclesiastical capital of Belgium.

The town is situated on the River Dyle, which flows through the town in numerous arms and is crossed by thirty-five bridges. There are, or were until the Kaiser's vandals began their ruthless work, many fine old buildings. Opposite the statue of Margaret of Austria was the Old Cloth Hall, begun in 1320, with an incompletd belfry, bearing a superstructure of the sixteenth century. The Hotel de Ville, in front of the Cathedral, was built in the thirteenth century, but entirely remodelled in 1715. The municipal archives were kept in a Gothic building of 1374 called the Schepen Huis.

Perhaps the chief glory of the city was its cathedral. Begun at the end of the thirteenth century, completed in 1312, but to a great extent rebuilt after a fire in 1342, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the cathedral of St. Rombold has been the archiepiscopal metropolitan church since 1560. It was a cruciform Gothic church, with a richly decorated choir and a huge unfinished late Gothic tower

324 feet in height (projected height, 460 feet). The church was almost entirely erected with money paid by the pilgrims who flocked there in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to obtain the indulgences issued by Pope Nicholas V. The interior was 306 feet long, the nave, 89 feet high and 40 feet wide. There was a magnificent altar-piece by Van Dyck representing the Crucifixion.

There were many other splendid churches and buildings, which have attracted visitors to the town in happier days from all over the world.

## Massacre at Dinant.

Another German crime against civilization comes to light in an official report of the sacking of Dinant.

Dinant was one of the most beautiful towns of Belgium, situated in a charming position on the banks of the Meuse, containing many noble and picturesque buildings. Dinant was rightly prized, not only by its own inhabitants, but by numerous tourists who have found in Belgium many veritable paradises of beauty and architectural art and antiquity.

Dinant was bombarded without any warning to its peaceful inhabitants, the Germans using their old excuse that firing had been commenced by the civilians. As a matter of fact, there *had* been some firing, but it came from the heights around Dinant, not from the town itself, and was most probably the work of German outposts. Shell-fire immediately burst upon the unfortunate little place, followed by German troops, who swarmed in in great numbers, eager to begin their usual work of butchery and vandalism.

Buildings untouched by the shell-fire were deliberately set on fire and in one long street, Bouvine au Rocher Bayard, only twenty-two houses were left standing. A hundred prominent citizens were shot in the Place d'Armes. M. Hunniers, the manager of a large weaving factory employing 2,000 men, and M. Poncelet, the son of a former senator, were both shot, the latter in the presence of his six children.

The Germans appeared at the branch of the National Bank, where they demanded all the cash in the safe. When M. Wasseige, the manager, refused to give them the money they tried to blow the safe open. Not succeeding in this, they demanded the combination for the lock. The manager refused, whereupon the Germans shot him immediately, together with his two sons.

What is nothing less than a deliberate plan of killing, accompanied by mental torture of the relatives of those concerned, seems to have been carried out.

The women were shut up in convents for five days, torn by anxiety as to the fate of their menfolk, knowing only that they were in the hands of the Kaiser's barbarians. Houses were pillaged, the

aged and infirm maltreated and killed, while young girls, dignified matrons, and the oldest women were foully outraged.

## Pillage and Slaughter at Termonde.

I have received much valuable information about the sacking of Termonde from a thoroughly reliable source. My informant was an eye-witness of the terrible scene, and states that it exceeded in barbarity and wanton destruction the sacking of Louvain, although, fortunately for civilization, Termonde did not possess such irreparable treasures as did Louvain.

There was a garrison of 3,000 soldiers in Termonde, but it did not seem that there would be immediate need of their services in defending the town. Suddenly news was brought in by scouts that large numbers of Germans were swooping down rapidly upon Termonde.

A few hours later 20,000 Germans descended from the suburb of St. Gilles, but the inhabitants fled into Termonde, as heavy firing had been opened by the attacking force when a few miles from the suburb.

The retiring Belgians attempted to blow up the bridge at Dendre to prevent the enemy getting into St. Gilles, but they were too late. The Germans were upon them. Leaving the bridge, they hurried, with what few possessions they could gather together, into Termonde. But several unfortunates could not get out of St. Gilles quickly enough. Old people, cripples, and mothers with tiny children could not escape the German tornado, which swept down upon them ruthlessly, butchering as it advanced.

Heavy fire was then resumed, and, for a whole morning, St. Gilles was bombarded. Churches were completely shattered, and before long the whole suburb was a mass of flames and crumbling masonry.

The hapless refugees from St. Gilles prepared the Termonde people for the worst, and all hope of holding their town died in every breast, for what was a garrison of 3,000 gallant Belgians against a horde of butchering vandals 200,000 strong?

Within a few hours the Germans entered Termonde, firing their heavy guns as they came along. Once inside the town they started their work of butchery.

The garrison was treated in a horrible manner, most of them being shattered or cut to pieces. The brave defenders resisted nobly, but they were only one to six of the enemy, and the Germans obtained mastery of the town.

Many of the garrison managed to escape, but numbers were found afterwards, mutilated beyond recognition, among the ashes of Termonde.

Then the Germans started firing the houses, knowing people to be within. Indeed, when they ventured out of their blazing homes



the invaders caught them, torturing, murdering, or violating them according to their fiendish will.

Heavy guns were trained on to the most important and beautiful buildings, notably churches and hospitals. Brutal Uhlans burst into houses not on fire and pillaged everything they could lay their hands upon, treating the inhabitants shamefully.

One woman, who was feeding her baby at the breast, was shot, and fell to the floor with the child still in her arms. At another house an old man shot his grand-daughter, a pretty girl of 16, after having witnessed in the street below the violation of girls even younger than that by the filthy Uhlans.

The bestial soldiers, annoyed by the old man's act, which curbed their horrible intention, caught him up and kicked him through the low window into the street below. At a signal from their comrades in the house German soldiers outside lifted the poor old man and kicked him back again. This went on for some time, until their human football was merely a mass of broken pulp. Ultimately he was thrown, still breathing and moaning feebly, into his house, which was fired and reduced to ashes, along with his body and that of his little grand-daughter.

Out of 1,400 houses, 1,100 were burnt to the ground.

Many of the bolder people of Termonde ran the gauntlet of the invaders and escaped, for towards evening nearly all the soldiers were drunk with pillaged wine and they did not interfere with the fleeing townsfolk, except now and again to outrage a girl or woman, and playfully flick a piece off an ear or nose with a random bullet. So many people were able to escape, with their lives alone, for their property was either looted or burned. Several notables were murdered in cold blood, and over 200 civilians were sent to Germany.

Within a few hours from the German entry into Termonde the doomed town was a mass of smoking ruins. For hours flames lit up the sky for miles round, and the horizon was blue with clouds of fine ashes from the ruins.

Many towns and villages around knew of Termonde's fate before the refugees began to flock in, having seen the flames, ashes and smoke for hours before their arrival.

Having razed the town to the ground, scattered, killed, or tortured the inhabitants, the Germans evacuated Termonde, carrying off much of its wealth, and destroying villages on their route as they pressed on to another holocaust of butchery and vandalism.

The Germans are doing their cause no good, but a vast amount of harm, by their shameful acts—acts of blood which have torn the mask from the German and revealed him as he really is to the astonished and horrified eyes of civilization.

The Kaiser is estranging from him people who might have been friendly—deceived by his plausible tales as to the origin of the war—had it not been for his terrible bloody deeds.

## The Kaiser and his Barbarians

America is fast being shaken out of its neutral attitude. The *New York Evening Post*, as reported by the *Times*, says :

One can but cling to a faint hope that there may be, as to the devastation itself, some exaggeration, and as to the provocation for it, at least some slight mitigation of what on its face is an appalling act of cruelty.

That the German Government may find it possible to put itself in the position to throw off, either by an explanation of the deed, or by the punishment of those who committed it, the fearful burden of guilt which otherwise will attach to that Government and to the German nation, we most sincerely hope.

The *New York Post* says : "Germany's honour is no less on trial in this hour than is its great military machine."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 31st reports the *New York Tribune* as saying :

The burning of Louvain, with its priceless art treasures, is not alone brutal and wanton destruction of private property, but is also a barbarous punishment inflicted upon innocent and defenceless elements of the community. Moreover, there is no appearance of military justification.

Many towns have been destroyed in war in order to reduce the resources of the enemy. Louvain has evidently been reduced to ashes in a fit of brutal and tyrannous passion. Germany has sinned grievously against civilization, and she could hardly complain later if her sin should find her out, and she should have to appeal in sackcloth and ashes to the Cossacks for more merciful treatment than she has meted out to heroic Belgium.

The *New York Sun* is disgusted with the Kaiser's impudent assertion that God is helping him.

"Is it conceivable," asks that journal, "that the living God will acquiesce in the annihilation of the beautiful city of Louvain and the destruction of innocent women and children? Even Attila spared the defenceless town of Troyes."

But the Kaiser has not the soul of Attila, the "Scourge of God." He has only the overwhelming ambition and brutality which declares that might is right, and that the weak and helpless must go to the wall. It is to be feared, however, that this time Wilhelm II has overstepped the margin.

"Give the Kaiser enough rope," said an Irish sergeant to me the other day, "and he will hang himself."

That simple expression exactly explains what the Kaiser and his barbarians are doing, for, literally speaking, they *are* hanging themselves by committing acts of ferocious and bloody vandalism, such as the desecration of beautiful places, irreparable and irredeemable. The ashes of Louvain, Malines, Dinant, Termonde, and a hundred lesser places cry aloud for vengeance on their destroyers.

Let me conclude this chapter of horrors, which places on record for all time a true account of the sacrilegious barbarism of the Germans, by citing the words of Mr. Bonar Law, Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bonar Law said :

When reports of the German atrocities in Belgium first reached us, I hoped, for the sake of our common humanity, that they were untrue, or at least exaggerated. That hope we can entertain no longer. The destruction of Louvain has proclaimed to the world in trumpet tones what German methods are.

It has fixed upon German honour an indelible stain, and the explanations of it which it has attempted to give have only made that stain deeper. War at the best is terrible. It is not from the ordinary soldier, it is not from below, that restraint can be expected. It must come, if it come at all, from above. But here outrages come, not from above, but from below.

They are not the result of accident, but of design. They are part of a principle—the principle of spreading terror throughout a country and facilitating German arms, *by any means, at any expense to the lives of defenceless men, or of helpless women and children.*

## Unspeakable Outrages.

The *Daily Citizen* of August 28th gives the statement of M. Adolphe Coussmaekers, who writes from Antwerp in the following terms :

It should be known in England that unspeakable outrages and horrible mutilations have been committed on defenceless women and girls killed by German troops in the districts of Orsmael, Velm, and Aerschot, which have been reported with evidence to the authorities of our country. The following nine cases are known :—

1. Old woman—throat gashed with bayonet, two wounds on right hand, a bullet in right leg, end of nose cut off.
2. Middle-aged woman—both eyes carried away by bullet, right hand gashed, throat severed with sword cut, left foot broken by bullet.
3. Young woman in pregnancy—two bullets in breast, sword cut in abdomen, ear slightly gashed.
4. Domestic servant—three bullets in abdomen, sword cut on right shoulder, extremity of right ear cut off, left arm shattered.
5. Young girl—throat cut with sword, three bullets (two in abdomen, one in left thigh).
6. Woman, aged 30—two bullets in left breast, sword cut on top of skull, nose cut off.
7. Young girl—cheek laid open by sword cut, abdomen lacerated vertically, bullet in head above left ear.
8. Farmer's wife—a bullet in breast, one in left side, one in leg, right ear cut off.
9. Woman, aged 40—head almost severed from trunk by sword cut, gashes on both breasts, nose cut off.

Words fail to convey the horrors suffered by others still alive.

## Miners Entombed by Uhlans.

The invasion of Charleroi by the Germans stands out as a terrible example of ferocity—the work, in fact, of heartless and soulless human machines. The miners of Charleroi have the reputation of being a spirited set of men, and the Germans, whose taste inclines more to the slaughter of unarmed and helpless women and children, were, no doubt, afraid to meet them face to face. They, therefore, hit upon an expedient absolutely unprecedented in the annals of warfare between civilized peoples.

They blocked up the pit shafts of collieries in and around Charleroi while the miners were underground at their daily work. The thing is

absolutely inconceivable. Yet it is only too terribly true. The Kaiser's slaughterers, who boast of God's especial protection, closed the mines, deliberately entombing living miners.

A *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, writing from Newcastle-on-Tyne on August 31st, shows the intensity of feeling aroused among the Northern miners of England at this atrocious savagery. His report is as follows :

To say that the report of the wanton entombing of miners in the Charleroi collieries by the Germans has created a feeling of intense horror amongst miners of the North of England would be putting it mildly. The opinion here is that the ultimate outrage has been offered to civilization. At the pitheads and in the mining villages the feeling is intensely bitter. The burial alive of brother miners has brought home to the colliers of the North the full horror of the German campaign more forcibly than anything else could have done. Its immediate effect, no doubt, will be to stimulate local recruiting in the miners' regiments which are being formed.

Interviewed on the subject last night, Mr. William Straker, secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association, said : " I have heard the report, but I think it is too horrible to believe. I cannot think that even in war-time men pursuing daily labours which are almost as hazardous as war itself would be treated so barbarously by a civilized nation. It must be remembered that Germany has a large mining community of its own, with whom we miners of England have a long-standing friendship. We have met them in international conferences year after year, and have taken each other's hands in warmest friendship. I don't believe the miners of Germany will view this inhuman savagery with less horror than the miners of Northumberland. No doubt it will be kept from their knowledge, but, unfortunately, German miners, like the rest of the workers of the nation, are under the iron hand of the powerful military caste of Germany. We cannot, therefore, blame our brother miners. We can only blame the atrocious system of militarism, which is headed by the Emperor himself. The closing of collieries with miners working underground is too horrible to think of. It makes a brother miner shudder."

But even after the deliberate entombment of the Charleroi miners, the Germans were not satisfied, and the following account of their wicked work, vouched for by a gentleman from Charleroi, makes one realize that the German butchers recognize no bounds in their savage warfare.

The miner population of Charleroi, many of whom are Socialists, and practically all of whom are armed with revolvers, are a turbulent lot of men at the best of times, and when roused are demons. One day, after the Germans had been in occupation, the miners on returning to their houses on the Boulevard Audent, which is on a plateau above the town, were horrified to find the wives and children of many of them had been asphyxiated by the Germans. They bore no shot or bayonet marks, but had simply been asphyxiated. The miners, with terrible rage at their hearts, seized their revolvers and attacked the soldiers with demon-like fury, killing nearly 200 of them. As the French were about to attack the place, the Germans destroyed all traces of their terrible crime by burning down the houses with their women and children victims in them. About half the town was treated in a similar manner.



Unlucky Charleroi was the scene of yet another example of the boasted German "culture." "Quite close to Charleroi," states a Belgian soldier, "our enemy installed a battery of machine guns in the belfry of a church, and then hoisted the white flag and the Red Cross flag. Our troops, suspecting nothing, reached the vicinity of this holy place, and then the German bandits began to turn the handles and pour death into us. That is how they make war."

We have the testimony of a niece of Mr. John Redmond, M.P., as to the conduct of the Germans who are now occupying the town in Belgium in which she and her husband live.

This lady says: "The Germans are absolute barbarians, and treat the people like dogs. For the least thing the inhabitants are shot, and they all go in fear of their lives. The town's most prominent men, in relays of three, guarded by soldiers, guarantee with their lives the good behaviour of the people. My husband is one of the guarantors. On Wednesday night he spent his hours of vigil in the Town Hall. Imagine my feelings . . . . The Germans take everything, no matter how well they are treated and received. They behave filthily and brutally, officers and men alike. Empty houses they smash from top to bottom."

Mr. B. F. Hodson, a war correspondent now in Antwerp, states: "Refugees arriving here continue to tell of German barbarities. I myself have spoken with one girl of sixteen years, who was violated before the eyes of her parents. From the latter I received confirmation of the girl's story."

An official communiqué from Paris is quoted by the London *Daily Express* of August 24th, as follows, under the heading of "Unbridled Savages":

In contrast to the considerate treatment accorded to German prisoners by the Allies, it has been established that the enemy treats as non-existent both international conventions and the most ancient traditions of right and of military honour. We are suffering a veritable invasion of barbarians. We wish, indeed, to remain civilized, and shall do so till the end, in spite of this return to savagery on the part of the nation which pretended to be the arbiter of civilization; but it is impossible to preserve towards our present adversaries that chivalrous generosity which, until now, has been the rule between soldiers.

In days when war was chivalrously waged we had enemies with whom we exchanged at Fontenoy courteous words before opening fire. To-day they have become our faithful and useful allies. Now we have before us unbridled savages, and we owe them only a strict observance of the rules of humanity and the laws of war.

[The reference to Fontenoy in the above *communiqué* is that before the battle the French said to their foe, the English, "Gentlemen, fire first."]

The *Daily Telegraph* of September 1st publishes an account of the situation in Liège and its environs under the German occupation, given by a member of a party which has just returned from that district. The account is as follows:

Scarcely had we crossed the frontier when we perceived the first pointed helmets, and with them their work of extermination, the first Belgian house, the first ruin. All along the road to Vise nothing is to be seen but walls blackened by

the smoke of fire, remains of factories demolished by shells, here and there mounds of earth, freshly dug, the sepulchres of the first Teutons to fall under the bullets which took vengeance for their monstrous aggression.

And then comes Vise! What a painful sight for those who knew the proud city, so typical of Walloon gaiety, and now nothing but a mass of ruins, still smoking, while the majority of the inhabitants lie all over the place, their chests riddled by murderous bullets. It was told us that the natives who escaped being shot are being kept prisoners by the invaders, who are making them build a road from Vise to Aix-la-Chapelle. We are informed that the unfortunate natives have to submit to a discipline draconic in its severity. They have already been detained for six days, and are lodged in the church, where they sleep on straw.

At last we enter Liège. The inhabitants stand on their thresholds, silent and anxious, watching us curiously, and we guess that our tourist clothes, covered in dust, impel them to question us, but doubtless the fear of violating the iron law imposed upon them by the invaders restrains them, and they content themselves with seeing us pass. The streets in the middle of the town wear a deplorable aspect. Loiterers are rarely seen, but there are swarms of soldiers, who rule the place. One sees nothing but soldiers in khaki uniform making the pavement resound with their ironshod boots, conceited officers making a parade of their arrogance, war material of every kind. Many houses have been abandoned, doors and windows have been shattered, and all the contents have been removed.

The most recent stories of atrocities, those of the day before, are the first to be reported. The Place de l'Université, the Rue des Pitteurs, and the Quai des Pêcheurs have been burnt. The occupants of the doomed houses, awakened by the acrid smoke, fled in terror, but were stopped by the terrible Teutons, who fired at them without pity, fifteen fugitives being killed. Next morning a father and son were bayoneted in front of their family.

The suburbs are scarcely better treated, and a reign of terror prevails there. At one place a young girl was shot without reason, and although she still breathed the Germans killed her, despite the protests of the horrified onlookers. At the same place a boy of seven, who was playing with a toy gun, was shot, because he was alleged to have pointed the toy at a German soldier.

From the Dutch frontier, to Huy and beyond, wherever we went, we heard of soldiers, nearly always drunk, firing, then accusing the inhabitants of it and taking vengeance, of burnings and murder without restraint.

On the night of the 22nd the Germans at Huy, after pillaging the cellars of a wine merchant, set on fire the Rue des Jardins and the Boulevard du Nord.

At Ardenne over 200 civilians were shot, with the burgomaster at their head.

In every place the Germans every night take as hostages a few notables, always including the burgomaster and the priest, and if a shot is heard in the night the hostages are killed.

The list of cruelties perpetrated on our unhappy population might be extended indefinitely if we were to report everything told us by eye-witnesses of these scenes of horror.

## Baby Butchered.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes on August 27th:

Nearly all the persons I interrogated had stories to tell of German atrocities. Whole villages, they said, had been put to fire and sword. One man whom I did not see told an official of the Catholic Society that he had seen with his own eyes German soldiery chop off the arms of a baby which clung to its mother's skirts.

Other stories showed that the miners were forced to dig trenches for the enemy under the threat of being shot, and that the common plan of the enemy was to enter

villages with women placed at the head of columns so as to meet any counter-attack from the inhabitants.

Others told me that Germans entered closed houses and shot or bayoneted the inmates on the pretext that they had fired on them.

The London *Daily Express* of August 21st says:

The arrest at Mecklenburg of Countess Grote, wife of the Duke of Cumberland's chamberlain, as a spy, is reported in a Copenhagen telegram published by the *Temps*.

The Countess, who is a Danish lady, was, it is stated, attacked by a mob and seriously injured. She was subsequently escorted to the guard-house, where, at the orders of the commanding officer, she was stripped, so as to make sure she was not a man in disguise.

The Countess is now very ill, suffering from nervous shock and physical injury.

Everybody knows that the brave soldiers of the Allies at the front are prepared to give their lives for their countries, but not one of them was prepared for the atrocities which their enemy has practised on them, sparing not even the wounded and dying.

What has become of the French and Belgian prisoners of war is the question that weeping mothers, wives, and children are asking between their tears and sobs. What indeed?

If the rumours current be true, Germany, its mad ruler, and its hordes of barbarians will be made to pay a heavy penalty by all Christian nations when the day of reckoning comes.

The story goes that the bulk of the French wounded who fell into the hands of the Germans in the vicinity of Lorraine and Alsace were put to death in cold blood, and their clothing and belongings stripped from their dead bodies.

More than twenty wounded Belgians and many French have sworn, by the most sacred vows, that they actually saw Germans, on the field where lay the dead and dying, killing outright any of their enemies in whose bodies a flicker of life remained.

One poor Frenchman was lying gasping out his laboured breath when a huge Uhlan passed him with a contemptuous look. The next moment the brute turned back and stamped the heel of his great boot into the poor bleeding face.

From the same sources it is recorded, with much evidence to support the statement, that German ghouls hurried over the field and robbed the killed and wounded, cutting off fingers on which were valuable rings, without discriminating between the dead and the living. They also hacked at the poor dead bodies in their cruel, brutal way, mutilating them so that identification was made quite impossible.

Then, the German troops are having recourse to the use of dum-dum bullets, which expand on entering the human body and cause terrible wounds.

Upon this subject the London *Daily Express* of August 24th says:

Civilized nations had agreed that no circumstances would justify the use of

such bullets (dum-dums), yet at the outset of the war they are fired by the Kaiser's army. Well may the French authorities exclaim, "We are suffering a veritable invasion of barbarians!"

A wounded gunner who recently arrived in London from the seat of war tells a harrowing tale, which is passed by the censor. He states:

The Germans are a foul lot. When they catch any of our wounded they cut their wrists with their bayonets to prevent them using rifles, or jam their wrists on the ground with the butts of their rifles.

Another wounded soldier, a private of the Middlesex Regiment, says:

If they only knew in this country how the Germans are treating our wounded there would be the devil to pay. Talk about civilized warfare! Don't you believe it. The Germans are perfect fiends.

A sergeant of the King's Own, who is now at home, having been wounded, says:

The enemy swooped down on us so quickly at the finish that we were unable to remove all our dead and wounded. Stretcher-bearers were shot dead, and a shell burst on the roof of the school where we had our field hospital.

Private Frank Allen, of the 1st Hants Regiment, who was wounded at Mons, says:

The Germans are killing all the wounded as they come across them, and they are killing women and children, and burning villages. It is an awful sight at times. The German officers drive their men along with a sword if they hang back, and if they refuse to go forward they kill them.

A private of the Highland Light Infantry, now at Brighton, wounded, states that on the way to Mons cigarettes were given to the soldiers by a seemingly friendly person. After smoking them the men became violently sick, many being very ill indeed. Upon examination it was found that the cigarettes were poisoned.

A French officer's wife, writing to a friend in England, says:

Nothing that the papers can say about the Germans is strong enough to describe their horrible brutality. Some of the soldiers I have talked to have actually seen them killing the wounded, ours and their own; they systematically fire on the ambulances; and one of our friends, Capitaine Lafond, wrote to his wife, who told me that he was caught when out reconnoitring with a handful of men. His men were all killed, and he himself fell with his thigh shattered. When the German ambulance passed, the surgeon (!) and soldiers stripped him naked, kicked him several times, and left him to die. Luckily the tide turned, and in an hour or so he was picked up by a French ambulance and taken to the hospital.

Badly as the British, French, and Belgian soldiers have been used, however, it is to the unarmed and helpless civilians of Belgium that the bulk of one's commiseration goes out. Every post brings in fresh horrors, until the task of setting down so many inhuman atrocities almost unmans one.

*The Standard's* special correspondent gives the following story of a citizen of Brussels:

Towards half-past three in the afternoon, runs the report, when many of our soldiers were returning by our lines, the German scouts began to arrive in large



numbers from the direction of St. Trond. The civil guards challenged them, and killed a number of officers.

A score of Uhlans, infantry, and cavalry came up unexpectedly. It was a terrible battle. The Germans fired on the houses, killing twenty-eight inoffensive civilians without any reason whatever. For preference they chose to fire on the young men who could one day become soldiers.

M. Quinten, the Sheriff of St. Trond, accompanied by the head of police, then appeared carrying a white flag, to surrender the town into the enemy's hands. The Germans imposed a condition that the next morning at eight o'clock the civil guard should present itself in full uniform, without arms, on the causeway at Tongres, in order to prevent excuses to the German army.

The next morning at half-past seven the guards of St. Trond, numbering 160, repaired to the place indicated, where the Germans were arranged in full force, and without further ado declared that they were all prisoners, and led them to the German cantonments.

Uhlans and Hussars, who had spent the night in the fields, had pillaged the houses which they had fired on, going through the towns and villages, spreading alarm on all sides. They killed a number of young men, and hanged two priests who tried to plead for mercy.

At Heers they stopped three men, at Loncin, a fourth, and took them all to the village at Bruslthem, where they were placed standing in a pit and fired on. Then the brute who was in command ordered the soldiers to stab them and pelt them with stones. They next seized on the unfortunate peasants and, binding them, threw them into the plain, and after drinking heavily amused themselves by spearing and beating them.

The next morning they were taken along with the troops. A Uhlan lieutenant—among the Uhlans are a few decent men—succeeded in getting food and drink for the prisoners en route.

On arriving at Lincent the commander ordered them to remain standing in the trenches, to expose them to the firing of the Belgian troops. Luckily for them, however, the commander was called away, and the lieutenant who took his place told them to hide in the trenches.

All the houses have been ransacked by order of the commander. The soldiers who have to carry out these atrocities are horrified at their work. Four of them whom we met in the fields entreated us to give them civilian clothes "to get out of this terrible war," whilst another added: "If only you could kill our commander our whole squadron would willingly surrender; he never gives an order without a clump from his sword on our heads or shoulders."

In the *Daily Telegraph* of August 26th appears the following statement from that journal's New York correspondent:

All the horrors of German cruelty printed in the *Daily Telegraph* could be duplicated a hundred times by the experience of travellers arriving here from Europe. Mr. Frederick Harrison, who spent August 10th, 11th and 12th in Germany, arrived here last night by the *Noordam*. He confirms what you already know regarding the terrible conditions in Germany, the rising cost of food, popular dissatisfaction in many parts where the Imperial propaganda is rejected—and says that Germany, being well-educated and military, knows perfectly well that early successes, though expected, are not sufficient to turn the inevitable tide of conflict when the Russian strength is mobilized, and the economic strain, due chiefly to British naval power, reaches the climax.

"In Germany," says Mr. Harrison, "hundreds of men and women are arrested every day, and many shot on suspicion that they were spies. I saw three Englishmen and an Englishwoman lined up against a wall and shot by a sergeant and a file of men at five o'clock in the morning, near Aix-la-Chapelle. Their bodies were burned."

An official report issued by the Burgomaster of Linsmeau, a Belgian village at present occupied by the Germans, says :

The first inhabitant they saw was a young man, who was shot under the pretext that he was a spy. Soon afterwards a neighbour suffered a similar fate. In another house they murdered the husband and wife, and, setting the house on fire, threw the two bodies into the flames. No harm was done to the son, who witnessed this atrocious scene.

The brutes, continuing their exploits, burned ten farms and killed two more people. In other houses they destroyed everything they could lay hands on, and took all the provisions. They then gathered together what remained of the male population, and made them take the oath over the body of a killed officer.

The German officers compelled our poor compatriots to lie down on the ground, and to kneel down, making them repeat this several times. Those who were not agile enough to obey the soldiers pricked with their bayonets.

One of our men, who tried to escape from this veritable Calvary was struck by two bullets and has just died. The inhabitants were kept prisoners during a good part of the night.

The Germans made the people pass in front of the quick-firing guns, saying that in an instant they would be blown to pieces. They aimed at them with revolvers and fired, blowing off the ears of several people.

The whole time this ignoble scene was being enacted an officer repeated continually in French : "They must all be hung; it is the law."

At last they released these unfortunate people, with the exception of about a dozen. They harnessed the latter to their *mitrailleuses*. Some people not being able to follow were fastened by their feet, their heads knocking against the ground. This frightful treatment resulted in eight deaths, and the fate of ten other people is unknown. In a neighbouring village the Germans murdered three men, notwithstanding in the district the people gave them all they wanted.

A French lady, Mme. Guillon, of Combours, who has escaped to Holland, relates that, having been expelled from Kolberg, she tried to travel home through Switzerland, but was compelled to retrace her steps through Holland.

On arriving at Hanover, both Mme. Guillon and her husband were arrested as spies and stoned. Her husband, losing his self-control, cried, "Long live France! Long live England!" and was at once shot with two other persons. A baby, which was wearing the word "France" on its cap, was dashed down on the ground and killed.

The French military authorities have issued an official report which contains, among other horrors, the story of the great indignity the parish priest of Pillon was made to suffer by the Germans.

He was ordered by a German patrol to leave his house and accompany them. A short distance from the church German officers said to him in French : "We know very well that you have not fired on our soldiers, but as you are the soul of the resistance we shall show you a pretty picture. We shall burn down your church and every house in your village."

The village was accordingly fired, and the officers said to the priest. "Do you see how it burns? Is it not pretty? The French are savages, and we shall treat them as such."

The priest was then pushed forward by thrusts with the butt-ends of rifles towards the firing line. He was placed in the German

ranks directly under the fire of the French machine guns, a sentry being posted at his side to prevent him from escaping.

At six o'clock in the evening, when the Germans had been beaten and had retired, the priest, who was still bound, managed to attract the attention of a French soldier, who released him. Two priests taken at Louvain were treated even more barbarously. They were told they would be shot, although quite guiltless of any offence. One was in the attitude of prayer when he was prodded by a bayonet. He continued to pray until more bayonet thrusts covered his robes with blood. He then rose and adopted an attitude of such simple dignity that even his brutal tormentors, sodden with drink, were for a moment abashed. A German officer, no doubt afraid that superstitious sentiment on the part of his butchers might save the priest's life, riddled him with bullets and then kicked the still form contemptuously. The second priest was quickly despatched in a similar manner.

## Italians Shot in Cold Blood.

The French clerical journal, *La Croix*, states that the blind bishop, Mgr. Kannengdeser, has been shot by the Germans. He was an Alsatian, well-known for his anti-German sentiments. He was accused of having plans in his possession.

The leading Italian journal, the *Corriere della Sera* of August 21st, reports the following incident:

At Jarny (Meurthe-el-Moselle), an Italian named Bachetta kept a small café much frequented by Italian miners. Towards eight a.m. on August 3rd, several battalions of the 68th German Infantry entered Jarny, brushing away the French defence. The Germans lost one killed and four wounded. The inhabitants of the town were immediately accused of having fired upon the German troops, whose commander ordered all male inhabitants to assemble in the principal square. The women and children, who tried to accompany their fathers and husbands, were driven away with the butt ends of rifles, or pricked with bayonets. One Italian woman named Trolli, who strove to prevent her husband, who was ill in bed, from being taken to the square, was killed. German patrols then searched every house.

In the Italian café, several miner's picks and other implements were found. Thereupon fifteen Italians (whose names and birthplaces are given by the *Corriere della Sera*) were arrested and immediately shot. None of the Italians had offered any resistance, or been guilty of any offence save the possession of their working tools.

The same journal publishes particulars of a massacre of Italian emigrants by German soldiers at Madgeburg.

Some 3,000 Italian workmen, who had been employed on railway construction at Duisburg and Cologne, were sent to Madgeburg and herded together in a barracks outside the town. On the evening of August 11th one of the workmen announced that a train would be ready next day to take them back to Italy. The announcement was loudly cheered. The soldiers on guard outside the rooms ordered the Italians to be silent, but as silence could not be restored immediately an order was given to fire. Some soldiers fired high, but others fired directly into the mass, the

fusillade being continued for twenty minutes. How many Italians were killed it is not known, as there were several separate rooms in which the panic-stricken workmen were confined while the dead and wounded were removed. One of the victims was a boy of twelve years.

Indian refugees who have reached Bombay from German East Africa tell harrowing tales of the brutality and greed of the hated Germans. They have been shockingly ill-treated by the Kaiser's brutes, subjected to every indignity, and through it all they were helpless but for the British Consul's protection.

Indian feeling in East Africa has been furiously provoked against the Germans. Indeed, so strongly do the Indians who have returned to Bombay resent their treatment that they are enlisting in the hope that they may be sent to fight against the barbarians.

In South-West Africa the Germans have reason to doubt the loyalty of the native tribes, and, according to the *Evening News* of August 31st, they adopted precautionary measures to ensure the natives' inactivity, which are quite in keeping with the double-dealing they have practised throughout this terrible war.

A German missionary was instructed to summon a tribal gathering, and the Hottentots flocked in from the surrounding country. They brought with them their rifles, which were stacked prior to the meeting. The missionary gave an eloquent address, during which German soldiers confiscated the rifles.

So much for German treachery abroad. To turn again to their work in Europe—the *Daily Telegraph* of August 31st gives the following story, gathered from several refugees from the village of Port-sur-Seille, on the Lorraine frontier :

Port-sur-Seille was burnt on Friday, August 21st, by the Germans. Like several other places in the neighbourhood, it was close to the border line, so close, in fact, that the police authorities, in time of peace, were in constant polite intercourse with the inhabitants. When the German Forest Guards or Customs officials had anything to do across the border they were always well received, and the inhabitants supplied them with refreshments of bread and wine. These courteous relations continued even after the first days of the present war.

But on August 14th a body of Uhlans suddenly appeared and commandeered a number of things. They were supplied at once with two hundred chickens, a quantity of oats, and some other provisions. The Guard Champetre himself delivered the objects commandeered, and took them across the border into the German camp.

He was not allowed to return immediately, and was detained for two days. On Monday, August 17, when the Guard Champetre had returned, a shell suddenly burst over the village. It exploded a few yards from a place where a couple of women were engaged in milking the cows. Other shells followed. They came from a battery erected on the other side of the border.

No French soldiers had been seen at the village for three days. They had made their appearance only a short time, and had fallen back. The firing stopped for a while, but was resumed during the night and continued for several nights following. All the able-bodied men had left for the garrisons, and only the women, the children, and some aged men remained. The Guard Champetre was the only person with any authority that remained, and he took over the administration of the commune. Meanwhile he was compelled, every day, to go back and forwards between the village and the German camp, and supply the provisions that were commandeered.



A young seminarist acted as secretary at the Mairie, and the wife of the Guard Champetre took charge of the fire-engine and tried to put out the fire caused by shells with the help of some other women.

On the night of August 20th it became evident that the Germans intended to lay the village in ruins. The bombardment was continued all night and the following day. The inhabitants took refuge in the cellars, which protected them against the shells. About forty of them found shelter in a big cellar belonging to a rich farmer, M. Francois Michel.

There were small children of three, six, and nine years, and infants only a few months old. The Guard Champetre, assisted by his wife, directed everything. He had the openings protected by mattresses, which prevented the Germans from discharging their rifles into the cellar.

By making a hole in one of the walls he secured a retreat into an adjoining cellar. Suddenly an officer came, had the door opened, and ordered everybody to come out at once. M. Francois Michel was the first to step out, and he was instantly shot down by a group of soldiers standing by. Next a boy of six, a nice little lad, stepped out. He also was shot down. Everybody in the cellar then rushed back, amid cries of horror raised by the wife of M. Michel and his children.

The Germans shouted: "Come out, or we shall burn you alive," and poured a volley down the steps of the cellar. The soldiers poured petroleum down the cellar, and on the mattresses, and set fire to it. The people inside took refuge in the adjoining cellar, and the Guard Champetre and his wife were the last to leave. From this cellar they finally escaped and fled across the fields. The soldiers meanwhile had seized the young seminarist, and another young man aged twenty, and shot them, declaring that they were of age for military service.

A poor peasant woman refugee who reached Brussels with five young children told the *Times* representative a sad tale of the Germans' barbarities.

"They shot my husband before my eyes," she declared. "Then they trampled two of my children to death. Two others became separated from us on the journey, and out of nine children I have but these five left."

A communiqué from Paris, dated August 27th, states :

There are now some 2,500 Belgian refugees in Paris, most of whom are accommodated in the vast Cirque de Paris. The building has the aspect of a human stable.

Straw has been laid down all over the floor, and upon it the homeless and destitute people are lying. Red Cross nurses, with priests and doctors, are in constant attendance.

At the entrance to the building stands a large cask of beer, from which at intervals a soldier ladles out drink into all sorts of receptacles, which are held out to him by a long line of old men and boys.

Most of the refugees are women and children. They came away with what they stood up in. Some even left their shoes to escape from the Uhlans.

Some of the less panic-stricken found time to wrap up a few poor things in a newspaper or towel, but these were the exceptions. All were begrimed with dirt and mud-stained, and with their tattered clothes looked like tramps, although it was easy to see that many of them were well-to-do.

An old man, sitting alone on a heap of straw, weeping silently, told a sympathetic nurse: "My name is Jean Beaujon. I kept a little coffee-house just across the river from Liège, in the town of Grivegnée. When the army was mobilized my two sons, both fine strapping fellows, went off to join their regiment. I have two daughters, one unfortunately left behind, and the other here." He pointed to a bright-eyed girl of sixteen, whose face and head were swathed in bandages.

"You see," he went on, "that poor dear face. Well, the Germans did that. They burst into my place and demanded wine, which I gave them. What happened

then I cannot exactly remember. It all seems like a horrible nightmare. We subsequently left our home and wandered away in the opposite direction from the terrible cannonading. After walking in the dark for two hours my other daughter became too tired to go any further, and sat down in despair by the roadside.

"This girl here and I then went to find some kind of conveyance for her. We had not left her for more than half-an-hour, but she was no longer there. We spent the rest of the night looking for her, but found no trace of her, and in the end were obliged to give up the search. Finally we got into a train, which brought us here. I was cared for by the Red Cross.

"I don't know where they found me, or anything else, except that I have prayed all the time for the Blessed Virgin to return my cherished lamb to me undefiled."

A restaurant keeper from Chénee (Liège Province) named George Just, said: "When we heard of the German approach my wife and I fled across the river into Liège. It seems now like a dream. Just before they entered the town we fled with many other refugees. Never shall I forget the sights along the roadside. Mutilated corpses and wounded and dying strewn our path. In some places we saw German dead piled in heaps fifteen feet high."

A woman from Framery, a village near Mons, whose husband is serving in the army, had a most horrible experience. Indeed, the details given by her are so horribly revolting that the censor has had to obliterate many of her statements, while admitting there is no evidence to contradict them.

The *Times* of August 23rd contains a record of atrocities actually seen by its special correspondent, who lived for three weeks in the midst of the war. This correspondent says:

The so-called German "culture" of the past forty-four years has been suddenly swept away, and the wanton and ruthless savagery of the Germanic hordes will live in the minds of future generations and embitter the relations of the peoples. Ten days ago Tirlemont was a pleasant Flemish town. To-day it is a heap of smoking ruins. The Belgian army made a vigorous fight in the environs, but all accounts agree that there was absolutely no necessity for the bombardment of the place. The invaders apparently were bent on battle practice, and at Tirlemont they had it with a vengeance. As the terrified populace rushed from their homes, leaving everything behind but what they stood in, they were made game of by the German cavalry. Fathers escaping with their families, and trying their best to shield them, were shot down before the eyes of their beloved ones; mothers carrying babies were belaboured with lance and sword. Coming from Tirlemont, I saw one little flaxen-haired girl of eleven staggering blindly forward, her eye and cheek laid open by a lance thrust. A poor peasant woman, with one of the kindest faces I have ever seen, told me, with tears on her cheeks, that in her presence her husband had been killed by a troop of German cavalry, two of her children, both under nine, had been trampled to death by their horses, and two others were lost. As to their fate, she, of course, believed the worst. This is not an isolated instance of what is daily taking place in the area occupied by the German soldiery, but, I regret to say, it is only one of the hundreds which have been substantiated beyond all doubt.

The *Echo de Paris* records, in a telegram from Berne, the experiences of a Zurich girl during her journey home from London in the early days of the war. For part of her journey she travelled in a military train which was carrying German reservists. Other civilians were authorised to use this train, and two of them were seized with the rash and foolish idea of taking photographs. No sooner had they got out their cameras than the train was stopped and an officer came forward. He ordered all those present to shut their

eyes, and the two travellers were shot out of hand, without further form or trial.

From the *Daily Telegraph* of August 29th I take the following paragraphs piecemeal :

Appalling details of the atrocities committed by German soldiers on defenceless Belgian women and children are given in the course of the following narrative by M. Isadore Felix Cruls, a Belgian refugee, who has just arrived in London from Ostend. M. Cruls carried on a prosperous printing works at Saint Jossé, a suburb of Brussels, giving employment to many men. His wife is stricken down with an internal malady, and when hostilities broke out a rumour gained currency in Brussels that the Germans had poisoned the drinking water, and her husband sent her and her three children to Ostend. Here he rejoined her, and the family were eventually able to get to London.

"When hostilities broke out," commenced M. Cruls, "I was called up for service in the Guard Civic, and was stationed on the Chaussee Louvain, the road between Louvain and Brussels. This was on July 29th, but it was not until August 8th that we had anything to do. On that day the wounded began to arrive. My wife was suffering from an internal complaint, and as a rumour was spread through Brussels that the Germans had poisoned the drinking water, I took her and our three children to Ostend. So disorganized was the railway system that it took seven hours to do the ordinarily two hours' journey.

"I returned to Brussels in a taxi-cab, and for sixty hours on end I had no sleep and very little to eat. That will give you some idea of what the Belgian people had to go through even in the early days of the war. At midnight on August 19—20 I was on duty on the Chaussee de Louvain watching the refugees come in from the various towns and villages. The road was blocked when I got near. I saw that a party of German lancers were at the rear of the procession of refugees. I saw one of the lancers prodding a woman, who had four or five children walking by her side.

"There was an old woman, evidently the mother of the young woman, walking with them. One of the lancers was amusing himself by pricking this old woman with his lance in order to make her walk more quickly. The young woman turned round and shouted something at the lancer, either by way of remonstrance or insult. I was not near enough to hear what she said. The lancer took up his lance and ran it through one of the little girls who were walking along, clutching the hands of their mother. She was a fair-haired girl of about seven or eight years of age. When the crowd saw blood spurt through her white dress they became infuriated, and a panic ensued. The lancers bore down on the people, scattering them in all directions. What became of these people I do not know."

Referring to the case of two little children from Diest, whose parents were murdered before their eyes by the German soldiers, he said: "The people were so filled with pity for the children that some men picked them up and pitched them into a train as it was going out of the station for Ostend. The children fell on the tender of the engine, and thus travelled to Ostend, where they arrived covered with coal dust. A stewardess of the *Marie Henriette*, a mail steamer plying between Ostend and Dover, was so filled with sympathy for the terrible sufferings which these two little mites had undergone, that she herself took them on to the boat.

"Another story I have to relate was told me by the mother herself. It happened near Leau. A squadron of about 500 Uhlans marched through the town, and, alleging that somebody had shot at them as they were passing through the streets, went round to all the houses searching for firearms, smelling the rifles in order to see if they had been recently fired. At the house at which this woman lived there could be no question of a rifle having been fired, as there was not a firearm of any description in the place.

"The family circle consisted of a grandfather, the father, mother, and a girl of seventeen or eighteen, and a young boy, who, upon seeing the approach of the

Germans, fled and hid himself. The soldiers came in, and, without any questioning, fired at and killed the father. They were going to shoot the grandfather, when the mother and daughter fell on their knees and begged the soldiers to spare the life of the old man. The officer, or under-officer, of the party then said : ' Yes, we won't trouble about the old people,' and touching the cheek of the young girl with his fingers, he added, with a significant laugh, ' Pretty youth is better.' He thereupon violated the girl before her mother's eyes."

The following story was related to M. Cruls by a gentleman with whom he was closely acquainted on his arrival from Liège. This gentleman had a friend who was impressed into the service of the Germans as a motor driver for transport purposes. The man was told to go to headquarters to get further orders. He either did not hear or understand what the order was, and a sentry thereupon shot him dead. A man who saw this from a window shot at the sentry, whereupon the Germans brought out twenty *mitrailleuses* and poured whole volleys into that quarter of the town, killing men, women, and children. This started a fire, and it was not until the flames had assumed such dimensions that the whole town was threatened that the Germans allowed anybody to come out and put them out. It is considered certain that between thirty and forty houses were burnt down, and that many men, women and children were burnt to death.

A family who lived in the Rue de la Loi, in Brussels, went to stay at their villa at Genck, about six kilometres from Brussels. When the Germans arrived at the village they went to the villa and smashed up the whole of the place, stealing everything they could lay their hands on, and even taking away the wedding-ring that the husband wore on his finger. They took away the men first, and nobody knows what has become of them. A member of the family and two servants fled from the house in terror, but returned when they saw the German soldiers going.

This is what they saw : The body of an old lady of seventy years of age lying on the floor with her throat cut. A governess, about 30 years of age—I cannot tell you her nationality—was found hanging from a tree, stark naked and disembowelled. The rest of the family managed to make their way back to Brussels where they now are.

M. Cruls went on to say that he did not care to speak of some of the awful atrocities he had seen. He expressed his gratitude at the manner in which he had been treated by the English people, and remarked that when the stories of the atrocities become known in full they would startle the world.

## Antwerp and the Zeppelins.

Contrary to rules of warfare is the action of German airships, which have been dropping bombs over places not actually in the fighting arena, places undefended and containing only peaceful citizens. Two notable attacks by the formidable Zeppelins were made on Antwerp and Paris. On the night of August 24th Count Zeppelin threw bombs from a height of some 700 feet on the city of Antwerp. He appears to have aimed deliberately at the hospitals, not even sparing the hospitals where the Belgians were caring for the wounded Germans.

I append an authentic account of the Antwerp outrage, written for the *Daily Chronicle* by Dr. Charles Sarolea. Writing under date August 25th, Dr. Sarolea says :

I have just lived through the most tragic night of the war.

For the first time in history a great civilized community has been bombarded



from the sky in the darkness of night. Count Zeppelin, whom the Kaiser called the greatest genius of the century, has performed the greatest exploit of his life. He may well be proud of his achievement. He has mangled and slaughtered non-belligerents, men, women and children. He has thrown bombs on hospitals where the Belgians were tending German wounded ; he has staggered humanity.

On August 5th the German commander warned General Leman at Liège that if the forts did not surrender the Zeppelin fleet would move at once. The forts of Liège did not surrender, and the Germans have been as good as their word. They have surpassed themselves in the art of striking terror, and they have placed themselves outside the pale of humanity.

I was awakened at one o'clock this morning by a frightful cannonade. A Zeppelin had been sighted about 700 feet above the town. I at once went out into the streets, and for eleven hours—from one hour after midnight until noon—I have scarcely left the scene of the catastrophe.

I have explored every one of the devastated streets. So far I have found ten bombs in ten different streets. It is impossible as yet to get accurate statistics. In my calculations there are about 900 houses slightly damaged, and about sixty houses nearly destroyed.

The number of victims is unknown. In a single house I found four dead. One room was a chamber of horrors, the remains of the mangled bodies being scattered in every direction.

In the house opposite a husband and wife, whose only son had just died in battle, were killed—a whole family wiped out.

The Place du Poids Publique, where the tragedy happened, surpasses in horror anything I have ever seen.

I brought the King's secretary with me. It is significant that the Zeppelin bombs were all aimed at public buildings, at the barracks, at the Government offices, and especially at the Royal Palace.

I was given by the King's secretary two fragments of a bomb that had been found a few yards from the Palace.

In order that all the Governments of Europe and America should be informed, from ocular evidence, about this great German crime, and in order that the whole Diplomatic Corps might issue a joint protest against this outrage to the law of nations, I prevailed on the following to accompany me through the town :—

The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs,

Baron van der Elst,

The Papal Nuncio,

The Russian Ambassador, Prince Pougatchef,

The Ministers of State, Vandervelde, Hymans, and Count Goblet d'Alviella, the King's Secretary.

They were all terror-stricken. Prince Pougatchef was so horrified that he refused to follow me into the chamber of horrors.

The population is in gloom, the Zeppelin tragedy eclipses for the moment even the great battle which is being fought in Brabant and Hainaut.

The attack of an aeroplane on Paris, while being a piece of brutal impertinence, had, fortunately, less tragic results than that in Antwerp. A message from Paris says :

Soon after midday yesterday a German aeroplane flew over Paris. Three bombs were thrown, which fell harmlessly in a small street.

An oriflamme entwined with German colours and attached to a sandbag was also dropped in the same street.

In the sandbag was found a letter written in German, the substance of which is, "The German army is at the gates of Paris. There is nothing left to you but to surrender."

The letter bore the signature of Lieutenant von Heidssen.

It now appears that five bombs were thrown. One fell at the corner of the

Rue Albuoy and the Rue Vinaigrière before the shops of a baker and wine merchant.

All the windows were smashed, and a woman who was passing at the time was wounded, as was also the wife of a concierge.

Two bombs burst on the Quai Valmy, one on the night refuge behind the St. Martin hospital, at which the German airman appears to have been aiming.

The three other bombs did not explode. They fell before No. 127, Quai Valmy, 68, Rue Marcin, and 57, Rue Recollet.

After the destruction of Louvain about a hundred unfortunate people were found in cellars in the suburb of Blauput. There were about fifty men, with their wives and children, whose houses had been burnt or shelled to the ground. The party was marched to the Place de la Station, where the men were separated from the women. Seven of the men were then led out in front of the women, and shot before their eyes. Then the party was re-formed and taken to the Porte de Tirlemont, where the sexes were again separated, and seven men again led out and shot before the women. This performance was repeated until all the men had been shot in batches.

A young woman, who was on the point of giving birth to a child, was killed by a deliberate shot in the stomach. The hospitals and lunatic asylums were compulsorily emptied of their inmates, and the aged, the infirm, the dangerously ill, and women who had just been confined, together with their infants, were thrust out into the highways.

At St. Trond the soldiers smashed the knees of young women, whom they then compelled to advance on their knees at the point of the bayonet. At the same place an old man of over 80 was forced to run under a continuous shower of blows until he dropped, when he was killed by a rifle shot. At Chaumont-Gistoux, near Namur, a woman was shot in the presence of her husband and children. The soldiers, among whom was an officer, then attempted to violate the two daughters, and on the latter resisting they were bound to heaps of straw and burnt alive. At Velme, near St. Trond, an old woman of over 70 was forced to run at a horse's tail. Elsewhere in the neighbourhood all the men were locked in the church, while the women were compelled to strip and to parade in the nude in front of the troops. Women were violated in front of their husbands, and the soldiers spared neither young girls nor aged women.

All the above statements are the sworn testimony of reliable eye-witnesses, including a Member of Parliament, respected public officials, and several notaries.

If, however, more testimony is wanting to prove that the German soldiers, privates and officers alike, have acted as degraded inhuman brutes, let us take the letter received by an English vicar from his son at the front :

"I never realized before what an awful thing war is," writes this youth. "I am in a small village, on the extreme left, and can see the horrible cruelty of the Germans to the inhabitants. We have got three girls in the trenches with us, who came to us for protection. One had no clothes on, having been outraged by the

Germans. I have given her my shirt, and divided my rations among them. In consequence I feel rather hungry, having had nothing for thirty-two hours except some milk chocolate. We have been hard at the Germans all day (now eight p.m.), and have successfully driven them back. Our men's shooting is wonderful and accurate. The Germans collapse like ninepins under it. The slaughter is awful. . . . I started this morning with fifty men in my trench, and now have twenty-three, and no n.-c. officers. They are wonderfully cheery. I have been hit twice; one took the heel of my boot off, and one through my shoulder, which is rather sore, so I must have it dressed. . . . Another poor girl has just come in, having had both her breasts cut off. Luckily, I caught the Uhlan officer in the act, and with a rifle at 300 yards killed him. And now she is with us, but, poor girl, I am afraid she will die. She is very pretty, and only about nineteen, and only has her skirt on."

In one Belgian village the priest who accompanied the Red Cross nurses saw a six-months-old baby carried on the point of a bayonet by a German soldier. Another baby of seven weeks was snatched from its father's arms and dashed to the ground.

Yet another baby, whose mother resisted the efforts of some drunken Uhlans to sieze the child, had its poor little hands slashed off by a sword.

A refugee at Antwerp told a harrowing tale of how his dearest friend was done to death by Germans. The hapless youth of twenty was tied to a tree by a party of German officers, who told him he would be immediately shot.

Soldiers were lined up with rifles, apparently ready to shoot, and the boy waited calmly with closed eyes, but no shots rang out. He then opened his eyes and the brutes laughed at him.

They had lowered their rifles and were sitting round the tree, preparing to make a hearty meal. There they sat, surrounding the bound youth, throwing at him morsels of food from time to time and taunting him with offers of champagne, which they were drinking freely.

After more than an hour of such fiendish torture, the boy was shot and his body burnt by piles of straw which the Germans stacked against the tree.

Mdlle. Auslin, a Belgian refugee now in London, states that at Aerschot she saw a man shot dead because he resisted the violation of his wife. His two little children, hiding their faces in their mother's skirts in terror, were dragged away and murdered.

One of the houses of the town, where two English flags were flying, although the house was deserted, attracted the enraged notice of the Germans, Mdlle. Auslin declared. They shot at them with their rifles, and when they found that they could not get them down that way the soldiers ordered two boys to climb up and remove them. When this had been accomplished the boys were bound hand and foot, their eyes gouged out, and their feet burned, while a lot of horrified women looked on but were powerless to interfere. A woman and a baby were tied up in their house by soldiers, who poured paraffin on the furniture and then set fire to it. The husband, who had been arrested by Uhlans, broke away from his captors and rushed into the blazing building. He found the baby, scorched and cut as if with

sabres, and threw it from the first floor window into the street while riflemen were shooting at him. He then turned back into the house, but could not remove his wife, who was burned to death. He rushed to the window and leapt into the street. The baby, which had been picked up by women, is now in London, but nothing is known as to the fate of its father.

At Haine St. Pierre, in the Mons district, the Mayor, who caused the arms of the inhabitants to be deposited at his own house, was shot like a dog, and his body propped up against a wall for 48 hours as a warning to the town. Men were billeted in all the houses, and although in the better houses the officers behaved with some restraint, in the peasants' cottages unbridled licence was the rule. Women were violated, indescribable scenes of filth and debauchery took place, while all the possessions of the unfortunates were wilfully wasted and destroyed.

## Innocent Citizens Massacred.

One hundred-and-thirty-two citizens of Aerschot were massacred by the Germans to avenge the killing of their commander by a Belgian schoolboy. The German commander, a colonel, had quarters in the house of the burgomaster, an official who did his utmost to spare his people the horrors of pillage and massacre. In the same house lived the burgomaster's son, a lad of sixteen, who was apparently not quite sound in his mind. This boy, in a fit of madness brought about by brooding on the wrongs of his country, shot the German colonel dead. There is no need to palliate this act. It was instantly and bloodily avenged. The boy and his father, the burgomaster, were instantly executed by the Germans. The latter then rounded up all the men of the town, and drove them into the church. The men, about 390 of them, were forced to leave the church in groups of threes. Of every three, one man was taken and shot. Invariably the best and fittest man of the three was picked out, led away among the tombs and shot dead. Every man went to his death bravely. But it was a horrible business. Women and children were wailing all round; old men and boys trembled and wept in the market-square. They could do nothing but shudder as the shots rang out. Thus 132 of the strongest and the best of the inhabitants of the town of Aerschot went to their death.

Mr. Geoffrey Young, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, in a message from an unnamed town in France, says:

I have just spoken with soldiers from Namur, who have seen the Germans killing their own seriously wounded to save labour and time. What of the most educated race in Europe?

And listen to this! A man has told me, as well as he could for tears, of his little son of three, who stood before his door waving his arms and crying "Vive l'Angleterre!" as the Germans entered. His arms were cut off and he was bayoneted to death.



Think what that means ! The German is human, as we are, but the iron is deep in his soul and character, and at a word he will murder as coldly as a criminal lunatic.

This is no time for philosophic reasonings. Let every man who has a home, or hopes to have one, join to fling back this wave of cold-blooded brutal barbarity that threatens our children.

Four wounded army sisters have arrived at Woolwich, and are now at the Royal Herbert Hospital for treatment. They were fired on by the Germans, one being badly hit on the head while on duty in a field hospital.

Nurse Wheeler, of Reigate, has just returned from Switzerland, where she met a number of friends who had escaped from Mulhausen.

She said she could vouch for the truth of the stories of the barbarity of German soldiers.

German soldiers had driven women and children in front of them at the point of the bayonet when meeting the French. A number of women who were helping the nurses to dress the wounds of the French soldiers were dragged away from the wounded and their hands were slashed off by the sword.

At the sacking of Termonde, a beautiful old Belgian town which is now a mass of smouldering ruins, some particularly revolting episodes were witnessed.

One appalling act of cruelty is recorded in the *Daily Chronicle* of September 7th. The account runs :

An old woman who had two sons in the garrison defending Termonde came to the door of her house whilst the fighting was in progress, to see how the battle went.

Immediately a German fired at her, wounding her in the wrist.

This brave old mother, binding her hand up to stop the flow of blood, went up to the first floor and looked out of the window to see if she could catch a glimpse of her boys.

She was immediately shot in the face, a German soldier coarsely remarking, "I'll teach the old hag to put her face out of the window."

In a letter to the editor of the *Evening Standard* of August 24th, one reads the following examples of German "culture" :

Sir,—Since the outbreak of the greatest calamity which the world has ever witnessed, one has been reading with bated breath of the treatment accorded British subjects in belligerent zones.

A day or two ago, while in conversation with a junior officer of the British army, I was told by him that on the eve of the declaration of war on Germany by Great Britain, a relative of his was subjected to such insults as might have been expected only from savages of the lowest type.

His aged aunt, having called for some documents at the British Embassy in Berlin, was in the act of descending the steps of that building, when, without the slightest provocation, two German officers deliberately spat in her face !

Again, to-day, news reaches us that the British, French, and Russian Consuls have been treated by the officials of the "Mad Dog of Europe" as though they belonged to the worst class of criminals.

Herded in a tiny cell like gaol-birds, they were obliged to sleep on the floor without covering of any kind, and with only a few wisps of straw between them and the cold stones, their only food being black bread, which is served out to the ordinary convicts.

Reading of these acts of barbarism, one cannot but reflect upon the unparalleled leniency extended to German and Austrian prisoners of war on this side of the channel. Housed comfortably, they fare sumptuously daily, eggs and bacon for breakfast, and even such luxuries as ablutions and tobacco being permitted them.

We are told not to render evil for evil, but, in the name of Heaven, will not the Government take stringent steps? At this moment there are to be seen thousands of alien enemies waiting upon British subjects in hotels and restaurants.

Are we such cowards that we cannot refuse to be served by them? Are there not worthy Britishers who could administer to our wants equally as good—if not better—than these emissaries who infest our shores?

There is no necessity, after reading the foregoing list of atrocities, to try to find excuse for the Prussian barbarians. There can be no excuse, no justification for such wanton cruelty as theirs. I append now several instances of German brutality told me personally by eye-witnesses.

## Refugees' Stories.

On Sunday, the 6th of September, I spoke with refugees from France and Belgium at Charing Cross station. Each confirmed the horrible stories of the German savages' brutality, and many of them told me things far more shocking than those mentioned by the Press. Indeed, no Press dare set down in black and white some of the foul deeds done by the Kaiser's barbarians.

One man—a young Englishman who had had a very adventurous journey from Belgium to England—told me that the atrocities committed by the most degraded and barbaric tribes known to history paled into insignificance beside the bloody brutality of the Germans. I dare not publish many cases he mentioned. Indeed, one would be loth to name some of the horrors to a grown man, much less publish them and run the risk of poisoning the minds of young people.

It was, he assured me, quite a common sight, by the roadside and in the fields of Belgium, to see the dead bodies of young girls who had been brutally assaulted and then had their throats cut from ear to ear.

My informant himself had seen dozens of boys—many mere infants—with their right hands severed. He had seen in hospital, and spoken with, youths and men who had been mutilated in such a terrible fashion as to bar any description. Old men had been shot without the slightest reason, and often with the most horrid details, just as "pastime" for the "cultured" German soldiers.

A Belgian mother, who had escaped to this country with a baby in arms, told me the following story: An old Belgian and his wife lived with their two daughters, handsome, modest young women just out of their teens, at a small farm, which happened to lie on a route chosen by the German butchers going to Aerschot to their

work of massacre. A crowd of Uhlans reached this farm late one night and demanded food and drink, intending to make themselves comfortable in the farmer's best rooms for the night.

The peaceful Belgians gave unstintingly of both food and wine, the farmer's wife making hot dishes for the hungry soldiers as cheerfully as though for her own friends. The Uhlans quickly became heated with wine and their coarse tongues were loosened. They made foul jests, and when the poor Belgian wife tried to lead her daughters quietly from the room to their own apartment, their conduct became worse than bestial. They seized both girls, upon which the farmer remonstrated, while the mother, with tears in her eyes, prayed to the Uhlans to spare her children's honour. The Kaiser's brutes at once shot the farmer dead, maddened by his opposition to their bestial lust. Then, as his moaning wife bent over his body she was also shot.

In the confusion, one of the girls escaped unnoticed and sought shelter behind some bushes that formed a hedge around the little farm. She crouched down trembling, expecting every moment to be caught by the Uhlans, but suddenly there was a cry from within that the French cavalry was near. The Germans fired the house and made good their escape, carrying with them the elder girl. The following morning she was found with her throat cut, having been shockingly abused and outraged before she was killed.

Another refugee told me that at a little farm not far from Charleroi, the Germans demanded food and wine, but the farmer declared that a number of Uhlans had that very morning carried off his entire store. The Uhlan captain, a burly brute, was of opinion that the farmer lied, and said so in foul language.

Search was made, and a small cask of wine, some bread, and bacon were found secreted on the top of a hay-rick. The unfortunate farmer had evidently saved these few provisions to keep himself, his wife, and his three tiny children from starvation.

But German "culture" could not understand why a Belgian mother and her babies should be kept from starvation when the Uhlans wished to feast. The captain ordered his brutes to bind the father, mother, and three children with ropes, and throw them on the hay-rick. This was done, and followed up by the burning of the rick. The screams from the sufferers were piteous, but the Germans seemed to enjoy watching their sufferings, and when the smallest child fell off the rick, she was promptly thrown on to the burning heap again. The Uhlans then calmly waited until the whole family was roasted to death.

Everywhere throughout their bloody march, the Prussians behaved more like maniacs than sane men. It was one long, continuous prowl for blood—for blood, rapine and lust.

The German soldiers openly boasted to many of the refugees that Prussia is about to win a great victory, which will gain for her the mastery of the whole world. Some officers actually went so far as to

say that God had directed the Kaiser to decimate the French and English, so that Prussia might rule for the benefit of mankind.

A letter full of condemnation of the Germans comes to hand from the daughter of Mr. Buckingham Bird, of Norwich Road, Ipswich. She writes vehemently from the North of France :

The Germans stop at nothing. One woman told of how she had had to hide in a cellar with a baker and his wife. The Germans found them, took the man and forced him for three days to bake bread for them, and then took him and thrust him in his oven to burn alive in front of his wife and the other woman. This is absolutely true, though you may imagine I exaggerate. In another case they massacred seven little children, and cut out the tongue of a young man from Dinant, of twenty-four years old. One poor woman was forced to stand and see the Germans cut off the hands of her two boys, aged ten and seven, so that they could never hold a gun. After that she was tortured in a way I do not care to explain. An old farmer was wounded, then nailed upside down to his door and poked at with swords. It is an awful war, and if in the end the barbarians win I shall no longer believe in Divine justice.

## The Barbarians' Excuse.

General Von Boehn, commanding the Ninth German Army, was roundly taxed by an American war correspondent with the atrocities in Belgium. He callously said the people only got what they deserved. "But why wreak your vengeance on women and children?" "None have been killed," the General asserted positively. "I'm sorry to contradict you, General," said the American, with equal positiveness, "but I have myself seen their mutilated bodies." "Of course there is always danger of women and children being killed in street fighting," said the General, "if they insist on coming into the street. It is unfortunate, but it is war." "But how about the woman whose body I saw with the hands and feet cut off? How about the white-haired man and his son whom I had helped to bury outside Sempst, and who had been killed merely because the retreating Belgians had shot a German soldier outside their house? There were twenty-two bayonet wounds in the old man's face. I counted them. How about the little girl, two years old, shot while in her mother's arms by a Uhlan, and whose funeral I attended at Heyst-op-den-Berg? How about the old man that was hung from the rafters of his house by the hands and roasted to death by a bonfire being built under him?" The General seemed somewhat taken aback. "Such things are horrible if they are true," he said. "Of course our soldiers, like soldiers in all armies, sometimes get out of hand, and do things which we would never tolerate if we knew it. At Louvain, for example, I sentenced two soldiers to twelve years' penal servitude apiece for assaulting a woman."

It has been stated that the Belgians have exaggerated the atrocities committed on them, but let it be stated with the utmost emphasis that there CAN be no exaggeration of the terrible deeds done by the merciless Germans. They are so overwhelmingly brutal that



exaggeration has no value. What use to exaggerate things which could not possibly be any worse than they are, as they stand recorded by reliable eye-witnesses who have themselves seen the most terrible, irrefutable evidence of German savagery in the shape of the mangled corpses of outraged mothers and daughters, mutilated bodies of priests and old men, boys and youths torn and maimed, and the still forms of little lifeless babies?

However, let me say at once that it is not only the Belgians who are suffering brutal atrocities at the hands of the Kaiser's butchers. Every nation and every individual who comes between the domineering Prussians and their goal is treated in the same horrible manner.

## Polish Atrocity.

I now append a letter sent by a Polish lady to her friend in England, which proves that the Poles have been treated as badly as the Belgians. The letter, which deals with the atrocities committed in Kalisz, an important town on the frontier of Russian Poland, runs :

On August 2nd, about noon, there appeared at the gates of Kalisz two Prussian Uhlans. Seeing that the town was absolutely unguarded they rode through the streets at a gallop. It was a historic moment for Kalisz, for the Uhlans were the scouts of the army, a division of which arrived the same day in the evening, under two officers. An hour later the rest came under the command of Major Preusker. He at once ordered the President of the town, Bukowski, to procure quarters for the officers and men, and eventually requisitioned the concert and artisans' halls, the public school and the European Hotel.

On the following morning Major Preusker confiscated 27,000 roubles from the magistrate, and ordered the municipality to give his men bread, coffee, and wheat for the horses. Then he issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Kalisz, in which he announced that the town was annexed to Germany, that only German war-law was binding, and that the people who remained in the town had their life and property guaranteed.

In the evening of Monday, August 3rd, as the town was settling down for the night, it was suddenly roused by several single shots. There followed the rapid movement of soldiers and the sound of rifle fire. No one knew what had happened, and waited in terror till dawn. In the morning it appeared that from a house on the outskirts of the town four shots had been fired at a German patrol. The Prussians lost their heads in terror. Not recognizing their own soldiers in the night they shot at their patrols, wounding some men, while fourteen townspeople were killed by the German rifles. This was not enough for Major Preusker, for he ordered five men, lodgers from the house where the shots had been fired, to be executed the same morning under the cemetery wall.

Someone told him that a shot had been fired from the windows of the magistrate's house, so he ordered his soldiers to bring before the building 200 townspeople. These he forced to lie down in the dust under a broiling sun, face downwards. If any of them tried to change his position or to lift his head he was kicked and knocked on the head by soldiers. This awful scene of "expiation," as Major Preusker called it, lasted for an hour and a half. To heighten the agony of the prostrated crowd the Germans executed from their number three men—Sokotow (a Russian), the Government cashier; an employee of the whisky "monopol," also a Russian; and a poor usher employed by the magistrate. All of them were

innocent men. Among the "expiating" crowd lying on the stairs of the building was the President, Bukowski.

At two o'clock the President brought the Major the exacted ransom of 50,000 roubles, after which the soldiers withdrew from the city and occupied a position outside, called "The Three Windmills" (a hill overlooking the town). Kalisz breathed a sigh of relief, but not for long. At six o'clock its walls were shaken with a terrible cannonade. The town was being bombarded without any warning. The panic that spread in the city is impossible to describe. When at last the cannon were silent crowds began to leave the town. Those who could, packed their bundles and fled.

By Wednesday half the town was empty and those who remained, largely composed of the wealthier classes, who were reluctant to leave their homes and property, consulted together as to the steps to be taken. At seven o'clock the next morning they once more were roused by cannon. Shells were bursting over their heads, spreading death and disaster. Suddenly the firing stopped, and silence, more dreadful even than the thunder of artillery fell on the town.

No one knew what happened. Patrols rushed through the streets, shooting occasionally at the windows. In this way a well-known philanthropist, M. Balkowski, was killed, and many others. Then Major Preusker chose hostages from among the clergy of all faiths and the richest citizens, who after being shut up in a windmill, were sent to Posen. What has become of them is not known, though a card written in German has reached the town saying that they are well, except for M. Frenkiel, who died on the way of heart disease (his body was found with a bayonet wound through it).

Friday was the most awful day of all. In the morning a patrol arrived in the market-place and the officer summoned the people and told them that a list of the inhabitants must be prepared, indicating those who spoke German. Later the soldiers entered the town again, and at two o'clock began a regular fire from their machine guns. They stood on one side and then on the other, firing on to the opposite side of the streets. In this way all the streets were terribly damaged and nearly all the municipal buildings destroyed. At five o'clock thick smoke appeared above the city. The Town Hall was burning. Fortunately the fire did not spread. At nine o'clock the town was again bombarded. Walls fell and crushed the inhabitants who hid in the cellars. This bombardment of an unfortified town lasted till dawn. Then the soldiers pulled out from the cellars those who were still alive and, beating them, marched them with their hands up out of the town, telling them that every tenth man would be shot. They shut them in the frontier barracks, and after several hours let them go. These unfortunate people fled, carrying with them an eighty-year-old monk (Father Victor), who had been beaten about the face, spat upon, and maltreated as the rest had been. As they fled they saw smoke rising about the town and a big fire burst out.

Now the town is once more peaceful, but what a spectacle it presents after this dreadful revenge of the German Major on what he calls the "Polish plot." They are burying their dead, but Kalisz is dead, and it will take years to bring it to life again.

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(TRANSLATION)

# PRESS BUREAU

Communicated by the Belgian Legation, September 11th, 1914.

## COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY

No. *1245*  
on the Violation of the Rights of Nations, and of the laws and customs of War.

Time *12.45 noon*  
2nd REPORT.

Date *15/9/14*  
Antwerp, August 31st, 1914.

To MONSIEUR CARTON DE WIART,

*Minister of Justice.*

SIR,

The Commission of Enquiry have the honour to make the following report on acts of which the town of Louvain, the neighbourhood and the district of Malines have been the scene :—

The German army entered Louvain on Wednesday, 19th August, after having burnt down the villages through which it had passed.

At soon as they had entered the town of Louvain, the Germans requisitioned food and lodging for their troops. They went to all the banks of the town, and took possession of the cash in hand. German soldiers burst open the doors of houses which had been abandoned by their inhabitants, pillaged them and committed other excesses.

The German authorities took as hostages the Mayor of the City, Senator Van der Kelen, the Vice-Rector of the Catholic University, and the Senior Priest of the City, besides certain Magistrates and Aldermen. All the weapons possessed by the inhabitants, even fencing swords, had already been given up to the Municipal authorities, and placed by them in the Church of Saint Pierre.

In a neighbouring village, Corbeck-Loo, on Wednesday, 19th August, a young woman, aged 22, whose husband was with the army, and some of her relations were surprised by a band of German soldiers. The persons who were with her were locked up in a deserted house, while she herself was dragged into another cottage, where she was outraged by five soldiers successively.

In the same village on Thursday, 20th August, German soldiers fetched from their house a young girl, about 16 years old, and her parents. They conducted them to a small deserted country house, and while some of them held back the father and mother, others entered the house, and finding the cellar open, forced the girl to drink. They then brought her on to the lawn in front of the house, and violated her successively. Finally they stabbed her in the breast with their bayonets. When this young girl had been abandoned by them after these abominable deeds, she was brought back to her parents' house, and the following day, in view of the gravity of her condition, she received Extreme Unction from the parish priest, and was taken to the hospital of Louvain, as her life was despaired of.

On the 24th and 25th of August Belgian troops made a sortie from the entrenched camp of Antwerp, and attacked the German army before Malines.

The Germans were thrown back on Louvain and Vilforde.

On entering the villages which had been occupied by the enemy, the Belgian army found them devastated. The Germans, as they retired, had pillaged and burnt the villages, taking with them the male inhabitants, whom they forced to march in front of them.

Belgian soldiers entering Hofstade, on 25th August, found the body of an old woman who had been killed by bayonet thrusts. She still held in her hand the needle with which she was sewing when she was killed. A woman and her 15 or 16 year old son lay on the ground, pierced by bayonets. A man had been hanging.

At Sempst, a neighbouring village, were found the bodies of two men, partially carbonized. One of them had his legs cut off at the knees; the other had the arms and legs cut off. A workman, whose burnt body had been seen by several witnesses, had been struck several times with bayonets, and then while still alive, the Germans had poured petroleum over him, and thrown him into a house to which they set fire. A woman who came out of her house was killed in the same way.

A witness, whose evidence has been taken by a reliable British subject, declares that he saw on the 26th August, not far from Malines, during the last Belgian attack, an old man tied by the arms to one of the rafters in the ceiling of his farm. The body was completely carbonized; but the head, arms and feet were unburnt. Further on, a child of about 15 was tied up, the hands behind the back, and the body was completely torn open with bayonet wounds. Numerous corpses of peasants lay on the ground in positions of supplication, their arms lifted and their hands clasped.

The Belgian Consul in Uganda, who is now a volunteer in the Belgian army, reports that wherever the Germans passed the country has been devastated. The few inhabitants who remain in the villages tell of the atrocities committed by the enemy. Thus, at Wackerzeel, seven Germans are said to have successively violated a woman, and then to have killed her. In the same village they stripped a young boy to the waist, threatened him with death, holding a revolver to his chest, pricked him with lances, and then chased him into a field and shot at him, without, however, hitting him.

Everywhere there is ruin and devastation. At Buecken many inhabitants were killed, including the priest, who was over eighty years old.

Between Impde and Wolverthem two wounded Belgian soldiers lay near a house which was on fire. The Germans threw these two unfortunate men into the flames.

At nightfall on the 26th August the German troops, repulsed by our soldiers, entered Louvain panic-struck. Several witnesses affirm that the German garrison which occupied Louvain was erroneously informed that the enemy were entering the town. Men of the garrison immediately marched to the station, shooting haphazard the while, and there met the German troops who had been repulsed by the Belgians, the latter having just ceased the pursuit. Everything tends to prove that the German regiments fired on one another. At once the Germans began bombarding the town, pretending that civilians had fired on the troops, a suggestion which is contradicted by all the witnesses, and could scarcely have been possible, because the inhabitants of Louvain had had to give up their arms to the Municipal Authorities several days before. The bombardment lasted till about 10 o'clock at night. The Germans then set fire to the town. Wherever the fire had not spread the German soldiers entered the houses and threw fire-grenades, with which some of them seem to be provided. The greater part of the town of Louvain was thus a prey to the flames, particularly the quarters of the upper town, comprising the modern buildings, the ancient Cathedral of St. Pierre, the University Buildings, together with the University Library, its manuscripts and collections, and the Municipal Theatre.



The Commission considers it its duty to insist, in the midst of all these horrors, on the crime committed against civilization by the deliberate destruction of an academic library, which was one of the treasures of Europe.

The corpses of many civilians encumbered the streets and squares. On the road from Tirlemont to Louvain alone a witness counted more than fifty. On the doorsteps of houses could be seen carbonized bodies of inhabitants, who, hiding in their cellars, were driven out by the fire, tried to escape and fell into the flames. The suburbs of Louvain suffered the same fate. We can affirm that the houses in all the districts between Louvain and Malines, and most of the suburbs of Louvain itself, have practically been destroyed.

On Wednesday morning, 26th August, the Germans brought to the Station Squares of Louvain a group of more than 75 persons, including several prominent citizens of the town, amongst whom were Father Coloboet and another Spanish priest, and also an American priest. The men were brutally separated from their wives and children, and after having been subjected to the most abominable treatment by the Germans, who several times threatened to shoot them, they were forced to march to the village of Campenhont in front of the German troops. They were shut up in the village church, where they passed the night. About 4 o'clock the next morning a German officer told them they had better go to confession, as they would be shot half an hour later. About half-past four they were liberated. Shortly afterwards they were again arrested by a German brigade, which forced them to march before them in the direction of Malines. In reply to a question of one of the prisoners, a German officer said they were going to give them a taste of the Belgian quickfiring before Antwerp. They were at last released on the Thursday afternoon at the gates of Malines.

It appears from other witnesses that several thousand male inhabitants of Louvain, who had escaped the shooting and the fire, were sent to Germany for a purpose which is still unknown to us.

The fire at Louvain burnt for several days. An eye-witness who left Louvain on 30th August gave the following description of the town at that time :—

"Leaving Weert St. Georges," he says, "I only saw burnt down villages and half-crazy peasants, who, on meeting anyone, held up their hands as a sign of submission. Before every house, even those burnt down, hung a white flag, and the burnt rags of them could be seen among the ruins.

"At Weert St. Georges I questioned the inhabitants on the causes of the German reprisals, and they affirmed most positively that no inhabitant had fired a shot, that in any case the arms had been previously collected, but that the Germans had taken vengeance on the population because a Belgian soldier belonging to the Gendarmerie had killed an Uhlan.

"The population still remaining in Louvain have taken refuge in the suburb of Héverlé, where they are extremely crowded. They have been cleared out of the town by the troops and the fire.

"The fire started a little beyond the American College, and the town is *entirely* destroyed, except for the Town Hall and the station. Furthermore, the fire was still burning to-day, and the Germans, far from taking any steps to stop it, seemed to feed it with straw, an instance of which I observed in the street adjoining the Town Hall. The Cathedral and the theatre are destroyed and have fallen in, as also the library; in short the town has the appearance of an ancient ruined city, in the midst of which only a few

## The Kaiser and his Barbarians

drunken soldiers move about, carrying bottles of wine and liqueurs, while the officers themselves, seated in arm-chairs round the tables, drink like their men.

"In the streets the swollen bodies of dead horses rot in the sun, and the smell of fire and putrefaction pervades the whole place."

The Commission has not yet been able to obtain information about the fate of the Mayor of Louvain and of the other notables who were taken as hostages.

The Commission is able to draw the following conclusions from the facts which have so far been brought to its notice :

In this war the occupation of any place is systematically accompanied and followed, sometimes even preceded, by acts of violence towards the civil population, which acts are contrary both to the usages of war and to the most elementary principles of humanity.

The German procedure is everywhere the same. They advance along a road, shooting inoffensive passers-by—particularly bicyclists—as well as peasants working in the fields.

In the towns or villages where they stop they begin by requisitioning food and drink, which they consume till intoxicated.

Sometimes from the interior of deserted houses they let off their rifles at random, and declare that it was the inhabitants who fired. Then the scenes of fire, murder and especially pillage begin, accompanied by acts of deliberate cruelty, without respect to sex or age. Even when they pretend to know the actual person guilty of the acts they allege, they do not content themselves with executing him summarily, but they seize the opportunity to decimate the population, pillage the houses and then set them on fire.

After a preliminary attack and massacre they shut up the men in the church, then order the women to return to their houses and to leave their doors open all night.

From several places the male population has been sent to Germany, there to be forced, it appears, to work at the harvest, as in the old days of slavery. There are many cases of the inhabitants being forced to act as guides, and to dig trenches and entrenchments for the Germans. Numerous witnesses assert that during their marches and even when attacking, the Germans place civilians, men and women, in their front ranks, in order to prevent our soldiers firing. The evidence of Belgian officers and soldiers shows that German detachments do not hesitate to display either the white flag or the Red Cross flag, in order to approach our troops with impunity. On the other hand, they fire on our ambulances and maltreat the ambulance men. They maltreat and even kill the wounded. The clergy seem to be particularly chosen as subjects for their brutality. Finally we have in our possession expanding bullets which had been abandoned by the enemy at Werchter, and we possess doctors' certificates showing that wounds must have been inflicted by bullets of this kind.

The documents and evidence on which these conclusions rest will be published in due course.

*The President,*

(Signed) COOREMAN.

*The Members of the Commission,*

(Signed) COUNT GOBLET D'ALVIELLA.

" RYCKMANS.

" STRAUSS.

" VAN CUTSEM.

*The Secretaries,*

(Signed) CHEVALIER ERNST DE BUNSWYCK.

" ORTS.

## The Kaiser with the "Bleeding Heart."

After the destruction of Louvain, the Kaiser informed the world that his heart was bleeding for the destroyed city, with its irreparable treasures of art and literature that were the heritage, not only of this age, but of ages yet unborn.

Now follows, close upon the heels of the avowal of this "bleeding heart," the destruction of Rheims Cathedral, that glorious, sacred pile of Gothic architecture, the wonder of the whole world.

The cathedral, with its incomparable masonry, beautiful Venetian glass—of which the secret has been lost in bygone centuries,—its precious monuments and sacred memories, dates back to the twilight of fable. From the thirteenth century it has reared its stately columns to the sky, watching over the struggles of Catholic France like some great, silent sentinel. Bearded crusaders once knelt before that noble altar, with the sun's rays pouring down upon them softly through the red and blue glass of the rose window, to receive some cardinal's blessing before leaving for the Holy Land. Here it was that Joan of Arc saw her king crowned in triumph—the king whose realm she had wrested from the invader. Now all those beauties, those sacred memories, are blotted out—destroyed by the hand of the German vandal.

Probably the Kaiser's heart will again be stricken, will bleed anew for Rheims, until the psychological moment arrives when it again becomes necessary to German "culture" that another act of wanton barbarity be perpetrated.

Surely civilization has already suffered a surfeit of this "cultured" tyrant's barbaric acts and impious hypocritical vapourings!

Surely the world will now be aroused from its lethargy, and outlaw the Kaiser and his ruthless brood, as Napoleon was outlawed—as an enemy to the peace of Europe!

Armed Europe destroyed that enemy at Waterloo and sent him captive to St. Helena in the interest of international peace, law and humanity.

Does not the same interest now demand the outlawry of the Kaiser, as a crowned lunatic or an impious, barbaric hypocrite?

We believe all thinking men and women of whatever nationality or creed will answer this question in the affirmative.

The public danger of the Kaiser and his satellites—the danger to morality, to humanity, to honour, to the very foundations of our civilized order—being admitted, every rational person should give his help and sympathy to the Allies, who are fighting for the maintenance in this world of order and justice, humanity and progress, against Prussian oppression and militarism.

It needs no exaggeration of the plain hard facts now before the

world, to establish the truth and realise the menace to civilization in the German Junker caste, headed by the leader of the Hohenzollern dynasty—the Kaiser.

Under his rule of blood and iron, with his motto of "might is right," with expediency for excuse, have been committed the most horrible atrocities and acts of vandalism that the world has known since the Huns and Goths overran Europe.

Alas for German "culture"! Even Attila would have spared the ancient and sacred monuments of Rheims and Louvain.

The Kaiser with the bleeding heart, who profanely proclaims his alliance with the Almighty, spared neither.

FINIS.

#### AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Sympathetic and generously disposed persons are notified that contributions towards the relief of those gallant Belgians who have been rendered destitute and homeless by the Kaiser's barbarians will be gratefully received and acknowledged at

The Belgian Legation,  
45, West Halkin Street, Belgrave Square,  
London, S.W.